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### DECLARATION OF COMFORT.

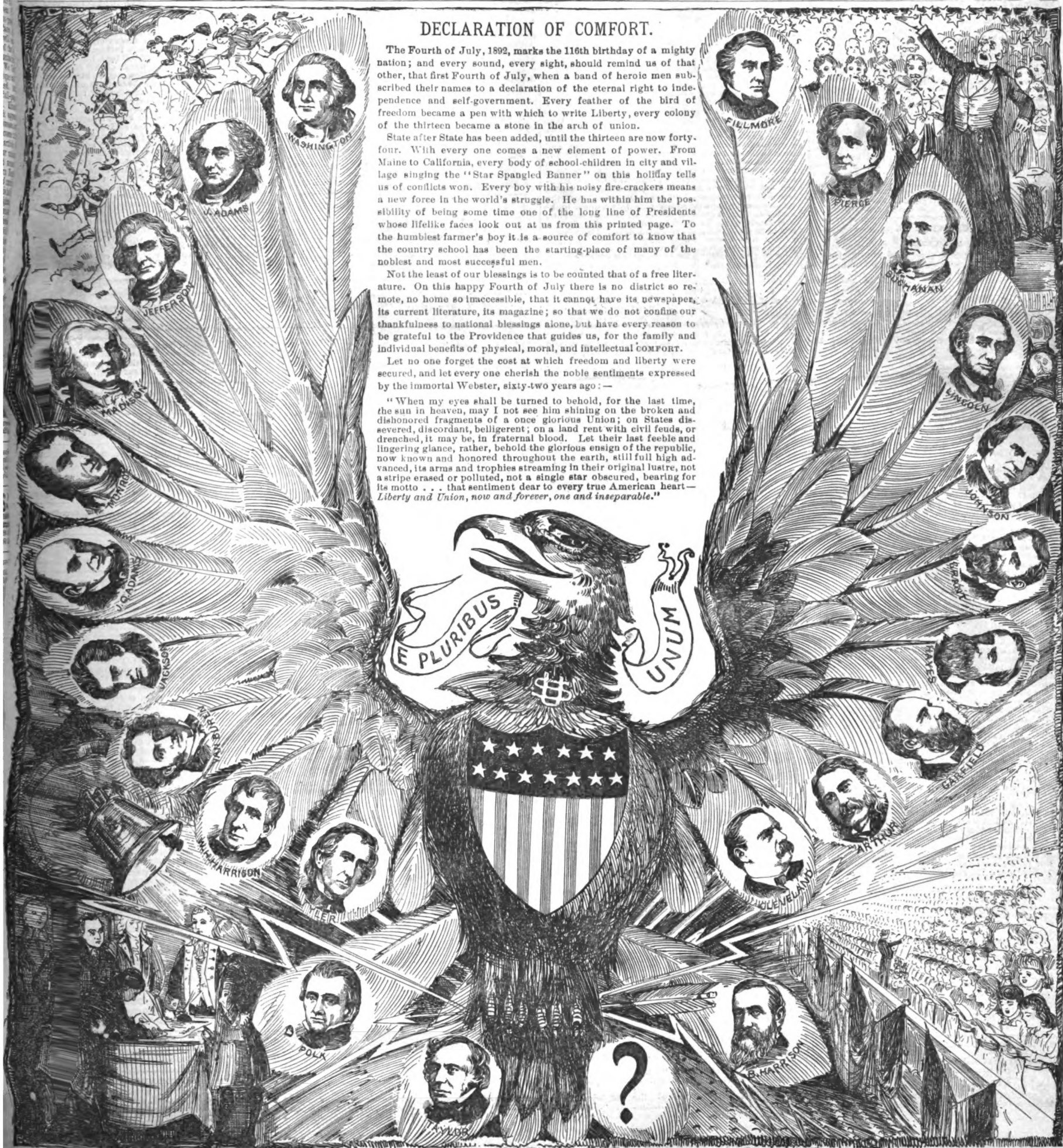
The Fourth of July, 1892, marks the 116th birthday of a mighty nation; and every sound, every sight, should remind us of that other, that first Fourth of July, when a band of heroic men subscribed their names to a declaration of the eternal right to independence and self-government. Every feather of the bird of freedom became a pen with which to write Liberty, every colony of the thirteen became a stone in the arch of union.

State after State has been added, until the thirteen are now forty-four. With every one comes a new element of power. From Maine to California, every body of school-children in city and village singing the "Star Spangled Banner" on this holiday tells us of conflicts won. Every boy with his noisy fire-crackers means a new force in the world's struggle. He has within him the possibility of being some time one of the long line of Presidents whose lifelike faces look out at us from this printed page. To the humblest farmer's boy it is a source of comfort to know that the country school has been the starting-place of many of the noblest and most successful men.

Not the least of our blessings is to be counted that of a free literature. On this happy Fourth of July there is no district so remote, no home so inaccessible, that it cannot have its newspaper, its current literature, its magazine; so that we do not confine our thankfulness to national blessings alone, but have every reason to be grateful to the Providence that guides us, for the family and individual benefits of physical, moral, and intellectual comfort.

Let no one forget the cost at which freedom and liberty were secured, and let every one cherish the noble sentiments expressed by the immortal Webster, sixty-two years ago:—

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the glorious ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto . . . that sentiment dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*"









## Happy Hints on Home Dress-making, with Sensible Suggestions for Summer. All for Comfort.

BY EILEEN AVERY.

Most girls are, and every girl ought to be, anxious to wear becoming, well-fitting, well-made clothes; and when by exercising a little ingenuity she can gratify her desire at a moderate expense, it is neither a crime nor a weakness, but simply an evidence of that personal pride and character which every true woman possesses. To be becomingly dressed, however, does not signify fashionably nor expensively dressed; and as good cooking is often the simplest cooking, a well-dressed woman is frequently the simplest clothed. Some of the best-dressed women consult a professional dressmaker on rare occasions only. The insane desire to be dressed in the latest fashion, and to ape the eccentricities of people who often have more money than brains, has perhaps caused as much domestic unhappiness and financial ruin as the abuse of liquor. As to being conspicuously dressed in order to shine in society, the Creator has shown his estimate of gaudy apparel by clothing one of the most stupid of creatures—the peacock—with the most showy plumage. I confess that I like to be well-dressed. My friends continually tell me that I am well-dressed; and as I am poor, like most country girls, and have little to spend on dress, I am often asked how I manage to appear as I do.



To the readers of COMFORT I will try and give a few hints for summer. We should always remember that while "fine feathers make fine birds" is true to an extent, the real charm of woman consists, not in her outward attractiveness, but in her true inwardness. It is of sweet faces, bright dresses, and country fields that the poet sings, never of the gorgeous silks and gaudy tinsels that startle and offend. The girl that is healthy in body, keeps her shoulders where they belong, and wears her simple dresses with quiet dignity, she is always well-dressed.

Every woman, whether young or old, requires an outing dress. One suitable for tennis, boating, and general wear is made of English serge; this material is easily brushed, and does not spot. It comes forty inches in width, and can be purchased in any of the stores at seventy-five cents a yard; six yards and a half is an ample pattern, and with four and a half yards of material twenty-two inches wide for the blouse, the girl that sews may possess such a dress at the moderate expense of eight dollars. The dress consists of skirt, girdle, and blazer, and the finish is machine-stitching. If desired, novelty braid can be effectively used. The skirt escapes the ground, and has a four-inch hem. The blazer is loose-fitting, and closes with buttons and buttonholes. With this costume is worn a loose blouse, which for dressy occasions would be appropriately made of dainty wash silk, but for everyday wear I advise the pretty percale and lawn that emerge from the wash as fresh and sweet as flowers after a shower. Right here let me add that sachets of crushed lavender flowers laid in bureau drawers and handkerchief cases afford delightful perfume for clothing, and are an evidence of refined taste.

Pretty blouses and waists are always in high favor, as the practical woman realizes that a dainty waist worn with the skirt of her outing dress transforms it into one of the most desirable of house dresses. One particularly pleasing is a Russian blouse of gray cashmere trimmed with Russian embroidery; this comes from fifty cents a yard up, and is quite inexpensive and tasty. The old black silk made over in this way trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet produces a most becoming mode. The princess gown is a style that few women can wear, being very hard to fit over the hips; therefore the tight-fitting basque and princess dress belong to the skilled modiste; but the shirred or tucked waist and loose blouse, now so popular, can be handled by the home dressmaker, and the wise woman will not attempt the tailor-made gown. Let us hope the time will come when dressmaking will be taught in the public schools. Then perhaps the social malady, "nothing to wear," will have passed away.

### A Wonderful World's Fair Clock.

The "Warschawskij Dujewnik," a paper published in Warsaw, Poland, describes a wonderful clock which will be exhibited in Chicago. The clock is the result of six years of earnest work by a watchmaker named Goldfaden in Warsaw. It represents a railroad station, with waiting room for travelers, telegraph and ticket offices, an outside promenade and fountain in operation. Alongside of the station are seen the tracks, with signal booths, switches and water reservoirs—in fact, everything belonging to a European railroad depot. In the dome of the central tower of the building is a clock showing the local time, while in each of the other towers there is a clock, giving the time, respectively, of New York and Pekin. In both of the towers last mentioned a calendar and barometer are seen. Every quarter of an hour it gets lively at the station. First the telegraph operator does his work—issues the telegram to signify that the track is clear. Then the doors of the building are opened, the station keeper and his assistant appear on the platform, at the ticket office the

cashier is noticeable, the guards leave the signal booths and hoist the barrier, a long row of passengers is observable in front of the ticket office, baggage is hauled, one of the guards rings a bell and the train runs into the station. While the whistle of the locomotive is blown the train stops, a workman goes along the row of coaches and hits the axles with a hammer, while another one pumps water into the water tank of the locomotive. After a third signal with the station bell the train starts and disappears in a tunnel on the opposite side. The station keeper and his assistant leave the platform and the doors of the depot building are closed, the guards enter their booths and quiet reigns. After fifteen minutes the same trouble commences again.

### Inter-State Commerce.

The Constitution of the United States and the decision of the United States courts, which declare in substance that drummers, agents and others, traveling from State to State selling goods shall not be intimidated, molested or made to pay local taxes, is being trampled under foot all over our country by petty town officials. When officials flagrantly refuse to obey our laws, etc., what can be expected of private citizens? Our country is fast becoming one of tyranny and oppression of the poor. Town officials claim that agents do not help pay expenses of government. That is false. Do they not pay transient rates for board, spend millions of dollars annually in travelling expenses, are pioneers for the best books, household and agricultural implements, etc., etc., and thousands of them pay taxes upon property where they permanently reside? But this isn't to the point. The constitution exempts travelling men from State, county or borough taxes, and it is robbery for jealous local merchants through their petty officials, to extort taxes or jail agents for selling under the protection of the inter-state commerce laws.

Agents would not object to paying a reasonable tax per day, week, month or year, but when some petty towns "boycott" them by demanding more in taxes for the privilege of canvassing for a few days or weeks than the wealthiest local merchant pays for in a whole year, it is an infamous outrage.—*Florence Advertiser.*

### Short Sermons for Boys.

A Swedish boy fell out the window and was badly hurt, but with clinched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

And old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the trait for good or evil which make the man or woman good or not.

### More Than President of the U. S. Receives.

Here is a pointer for the poorest farmer boy who desires to enlarge the sphere of his activity as he grows older. President Beers, of the New York Life Insurance Company, had a salary of \$50,000 a year, but when he resigned, Mr. John A. McCall, was elected to succeed him at a salary of \$75,000 or \$25,000 more than the President of the United States gets. Now the pointer is this, Mr. McCall started in life a poor boy with only a public school education, just as thousands of other poor boys have started at the foot of the ladder. But he was truthful, sober, industrious and ambitious to be useful and successful.

**"Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away"** Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about tobacco, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form. Tobacco users who want to quit and can't by mentioning COMFORT can get the book mailed free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 712, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. They also offer exclusive territory to good agents.

For more a year for agents. Hustlers are doubling that \$3000 send 25c for sample. Jerome Dispennett, St. Louis, O.

**SILK and SATIN.** Large pkgs., beautiful piece, 10 cts. 4 for 30 cts. FLOSS, 30 cts. C. SILK MILL, Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**10 CENTS** pays for your name in OUR DAILY MAMMOTH DIRECTORY ONE YEAR. Guarantee Big Mail. Send for Sample Copy. World Pub. Co., Box 613, Passumpsic, Vt.

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**OVER 20 FULL LENGTH FIGURE STUDIES** Specially adapted to Artists' Use. Sent to any address with our complete 1891 catalogue of figure, landscape and marine studies on receipt of only 10 cents. ART STUDIO, Augusta, Maine, U. S. A.

**FREE TICKET TO WORLD'S FAIR.** A FREE LIFE INSURANCE POLICY and a cash bonus order good for \$25. any time within 60 days. Send 10 cents for postage and packing, expenses on necessary papers and for subscription to our World's Fair Illustrated Edition. Address CANWELL & COMPANY, 27 Beekman St., N. Y.

**OLD COINS WANTED.** AT-LOOK SHARP FOR old coins, you might find coins worth thousands. Others have. WE PAY \$1 to \$500 for certain dates before 1878. Ill. circular free. Numismatic Bank, Boston Mass.

**MEN WANTED** To test a Positive Cure for Nervousness and all Similar Diseases. So great is our faith in our Specific, we will send One Full Month's Medicine and much Valuable Information FREE. G. M. CO., 835 Broadway, New York City.

MON. TUES WED. THUR FRI. SAT. SUN.

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USED EVERY WEEK-DAY BRINGS REST ON SUNDAY.

YOU CAN ADD TO THIS LIST OF ITS USES.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

To clean tombstones.  
To polish knives.  
To renew oil-cloth.  
To brighten metals.

To scrub floors.  
To renovate paint.  
To wash out sinks.  
To clean dishes.

To scour bath-tubs.  
To whiten marble.  
To scour kettles.  
To remove rust.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION



**MODENE**

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; if the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.—Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received for the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

WE OFFER \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

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**CONSUMPTION.** Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 185 Pearl St., New York.

**BUY YOUR WIFE A CANARY** and make it sing while its life lasts, by sending to the BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa., for a cake of BIRD MANNA, the wonderful secret of the Harz Mountain Canary Breeders. It provides the little musician with a food which it cannot otherwise obtain in captivity and it is therefore a positive necessity to the health of every cage bird. Delivered by mail. A CANARY for postage stamps 15 CTS. to the amount of \$1.50.

**How to Make a Fortune** WANTED.—Salesmen who can easily make \$25 to \$75 per week, selling the Celebrated Pinless Clothes Line or the Famous Fountain Ink Eraser; patents recently issued. Sold ONLY by salesmen to whom we give EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY. The Pinless Clothes Line is the only line ever invented that holds clothes without pins—a perfect success. The Fountain Ink Eraser is entirely new, will erase ink instantly, and is king of all. On receipt of 50c. will mail sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with circulars, price-lists and terms. Secure your territory at once. THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., 121 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.

**WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP** For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 50c.; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Pores Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superficial Hair, Freckles, Ac., removed. JOHN H. WOODBURY Dermatological Institute, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City. Consultation free, at office or by letter. Opens 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

**LOVELY FACES, WHITE HANDS.** Nothing will WHITEN and CLEAR the skin so quickly as **Derma-Royale**

The new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who prepared for us the formula of the marvelous Derma-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. It quickly dissolves and removes the worst forms of moth-patches, brown or liver spots, freckles, blackheads, blotches, sallowness, redness, tan and every discoloration of the cuticle. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—it CANNOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

**\$500 REWARD.**—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars CASH, for any case of moth-patches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations, (excepting birthmarks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature) that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be), will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Derma-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles. Price, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED. Derma-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by registered letter or money order with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash.

**AGENTS WANTED** Send for Terms and Sample on Sight \$10 A DAY. Address THE DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY, Corner Baker and Vine Streets, CINCINNATI OHIO.

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**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** in your own home. First class Sewing Machines shipped anywhere at wholesale prices. Latest improvements. Warranted five years. Complete set of attachments FREE. Send for catalogue. Standard Singer Machines, \$29.50 to \$15.50. 1500 Arlington Sewing Machine for \$15.50. 600 Kenwood Sewing Machine for \$25.50. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 160 W. Van Ness St. B 3 Chicago.

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**FREE. SUPERB FORM. LOVELY COMPLEXION. PERFECT HEALTH.** These are my portraits, and on account of the freckles, air-pumps, "wafers," etc., offered for development, I will tell any lady FREE what I used to secure these changes. HEALTH (cure of that "thin" complexion and all female diseases). Superb FORM, Brilliant EYES and perfectly Pure COMPLEXION assured. Will send sealed letters. Avoid advertisers' frauds. Name this paper, and address Miss. ELLA M. DENT, STATION B, San Francisco, Cal.

**A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.** I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold Process; do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over 100 families; anyone will pay a dollar for directions, when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my two hundred dollars, round home, in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions to any of your readers, for 15 two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me. I ask nothing for the directions. Mrs. William Griffith, New Concord, Ohio.

**A WATCH FREE!** THIS cut is the picture of a watch (reduced size) that we offer FREE OF CHARGE. Fine nickel case, with heavy beveled glass crystal. The works are Swiss made and finely jeweled; no key required; new patent winding arrangement. It is warranted as good a time-keeper as watches costing \$20 to \$25 and is a nice watch. We offer 1,000 Watches FREE! (one watch in each locality) who will answer this advertisement at once and help extend our circulation. If you want a watch send us the names of ten of your friends who would be willing to receive a sample copy of our paper; and 20 cents silver or stamps, for our handsomely illustrated monthly paper, on trial. Regular price 50 cents. We are a reliable firm and will send watch as we agree, by return mail, or forfeit \$2.00. Address THE AMERICAN HOME, Saint Paul, Minn.

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## COMMENTS ON COOKING.

**DEAR COUSINS:**  
Once more I will endeavor to present some seasonable recipes. I shall give the recipes for canning and preserving somewhat earlier than usual, for they can easily be kept till wanted, and that is much better than having them come too late. Many thanks for contributions from the cousins.

### COOKERY FOR THE SICK.

#### WINE POSSET.

In a pint of milk boil 2 small slices of bread. When soft remove it from the fire, add a little grated nutmeg and a teaspoonful of sugar; then pour into it slowly 1-2 pint sweet wine and serve with toasted bread.

#### WINE WHEY.

1 pint sweet milk, boil and pour slowly some sherry wine until it curdles; then strain and use the whey.

#### INFANT FOOD.

Let 1 quart of milk stand over night; skim off the cream, and upon it pour 1 pint of boiling water. In 1 quart of water let 3 tablespoonfuls of oatmeal boil about 2 hours and then strain. To one gill of the cream and water add 2 tablespoonfuls of the oatmeal water. Sweeten it when given. This recipe comes from an experienced nurse.

#### ONION GRUEL.

Take 2 ounces of coarse oatmeal and 1 large onion sliced; put them in a quart of cold water. Boil slowly for 2 hours, adding sufficient water to keep up the original quantity. Strain through a fine sieve, salt to taste, and serve with toasted bread. The yolk of an egg beaten up in the gruel is a good addition. Or if preferred, boil the gruel down thick, strain, add salt and sugar to taste, beat 1 egg light, add the gruel slowly beating all the time until it looks like a soft custard. Splendid for children.

#### ORANGE PANADA.

Squeeze into a saucer the juice of several oranges, and crumble cracker into it. Gratefully accepted by feverish patients.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SICK ROOM.

In warm weather the air of the room can be cooled by hanging before open windows pieces of blankets, frequently wrung out in ice water.

#### HOW TO KEEP FINE CUT FLOWERS FRESH.

Place the flowers in a vase of warm water, spray the flowers with cold water, change the water morning and evening; treated in this way you can keep flowers fresh 5 or 6 days.

#### VEGETABLE CANNING.

Peas, string beans, shell beans and asparagus, shell beans and shell peas; cut snap beans same as you would for cooking; cut asparagus in 1-2 inch bits or if preferred, it may be left in long pieces. Pack self sealing jars full as possible with vegetables, add cold water to overflowing, screw cover on as firmly as can be done with first finger and thumb, place in the bottom of wash boiler a layer of hay or cloth, then cans; fill boiler in this manner, having plenty of hay and cloth between cans to prevent breakage. Cover cans with cold water, and boil steadily 3 hours. On steady boiling depends much of the success of canning. Remove boiler from fire. When cool remove cans, tighten, and when cold wrap each in brown paper and keep in a cool, dark, dry cellar or closet.

#### TOMATOES.

If desired to can tomatoes in slices, peel, slice and pack in jars, then proceed as directed for corn.

#### GREEN CORN.

Husk and free from silk, then cut kernels lengthwise, and with a knife scrape corn from cob. Pack into cans with small end of potato masher, until overflowing. You will not need to add water to corn. Screw on covers as directed for beans, and proceed exactly as directed in first recipe. When cold, cover with brown paper and keep in a cool, dark cellar or closet. Plenty of can corn is very nice in winter.

#### SUMMER SQUASH.

Peel, boil, mash, have the cans hot; fill with squash to overflowing, then screw on the cover as rapidly as possible, and the work is done. When cold proceed as for other vegetables.

#### EGG PLANT.

Peel, slice and soak in salted water, then fill cans, add cold water, and proceed as directed for peas or beans.

#### GINGER BREAD.

1 lb. of sugar, 1 lb. of butter, 3 lbs. of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of ginger, 1 gill of cream, 1 pint of molasses. Rub the butter in the flour, add the other ingredients. Roll out the dough, cut into cakes, place them on buttered tins and bake in a moderately cool oven. If preferred wash the cakes over with sugar and water before baking them.

#### SUGAR COOKIES.

1 cupful sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 3 tablespoonfuls of sour cream, 2 eggs, 1-2 teaspoon of soda, a little nutmeg, 4 cupfuls of flour. Roll thin and bake quickly.

#### COFFEE ROLLS.

Work into a quart of bread dough a tablespoonful of butter and 1-2 teaspoon of white sugar, add some dried currants (well washed and dried in the oven), sift some flour and sugar over them, work into the dough thoroughly, make into small, long rolls, dip them into melted butter, place in the pans, let rise a short time and bake.

SUNNY CHURCHILL.

### TABLE FOR CANNING FRUIT.

	Time for boiling.	Sugar per qt.
Sour apples	10 min.	6 oz.
Crab apples	25 "	8 "
Blackberries	6 "	6 "
Gooseberries	8 "	8 "
Raspberries	6 "	4 "
Huckleberries	5 "	4 "
Strawberries	8 "	8 "
Cherries	5 "	6 "
Currants	5 "	8 "
Peas	20 "	6 "
Plums	10 "	8 "
Peaches	15 "	4 "
Tomatoes	30 "	4 "
Quinces	30 "	10 "

**APPLE JAM.**  
Pare and core the apples, cut in thin slices and add 3-4 lb. sugar to 1 lb. fruit; add cloves and lemon rind to taste and boil 1-2 hour over quick fire.

### PIE-PLANT JELLY.

Stew the stalks till tender; strain through jelly-bag and flavor with extract of lemon. To 1 pint of juice add 1 lb. of sugar.

### CHERRY BUTTER.

Boil cherries till soft; then rub through colander, and to each pint of pulp add 1 pint sugar. Boil carefully till thick, then put in closely covered jars.

### PIE-PLANT BUTTER.

Add 1 lb. sugar to each lb. peeled and cut up pie-plant and simmer gently for 1 hour or more.

### PLUM BUTTER.

Scald till they crack open, then when cool put through colander, add 3-4 pint sugar to 1 pint fruit. Season and boil 3 hours and it will not require sealing.

### PICALILLI.

1 peck green tomatoes, 1 large cabbage, 1 doz. onions; chop fine and mix with 1-2 pint salt; let it stand over night; in the morning drain and scald in weak vinegar; drain this off and stir in ground spices to suit the taste; add 6 peppers chopped; pack in a jar and cover with strong vinegar.

### GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.

Slice 1 peck green tomatoes in jar and sprinkle a little salt over each layer; let them stand 24 hours and drain; put tomatoes in kettle with 1 teaspoon each of ground ginger, cloves, allspice, mace and cinnamon; 12 small or 3 large peppers, 3 onions, 1 cup brown sugar; cover all with vinegar and boil till tender.

### TOMATO CATSUP.

1 gallon ripe, 2 tablespoon each of salt, cloves, ground mustard and pepper, 1 pint vinegar, 1 cup sugar, strain and bottle.

Mrs. EVIE SPRAGUE.

**Dear Cousin Ceres:**—Here I am again after a very long absence; but as you made a call for more recipes, I thought I would come again. And it won't be cakes either, why do the cousins send so many cakes and pies and such things instead of a few good simple vegetable and side dishes? I for one would certainly prefer a few and I know others would also; especially when the recipes for some of the cakes call for from 8 to 15 eggs, and here eggs cost from 30c. to 40c. per doz. all fall and winter. So stir them up "coz" and tell them to send us a few good old ways for cooking meats and vegetables. I send you my way of cooking an Irish stew, it is a very common way, but the results are very good.

I take a slice of round steak, (or any kind of meat on hand, scraps of cold boiled beef is very good,) and put it in an iron skillet, after cutting in small pieces. On that I put a layer of onions, then a layer of potatoes, then a layer of turnips and carrots, barely cover with water and let it simmer until the vegetables are ready to fall to pieces; when about half done season with plenty of salt, pepper and a dash of Worcestershire sauce if desired, thicken if needed and serve.

Those who like onions will certainly like them fried this way:—Wash and cut crosswise so as to form unidirectional rings. Flour them, fry 5 or 6 minutes, drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve with steak. The above is a dainty way of serving them, if properly done.

Well "coz" I hope these recipes will prove acceptable to you, and if they do I will come again. With the best of wishes for the future of COMFORT. I remain yours truly,

Mrs. LOLA V. GOLDER,

133 1-2 First St., Portland, Oreg.

I have more good recipes for pickles and jellies on hand, which I will bring forward next month.

COUSIN CERES,

(Care of COMFORT.)

## Two Singular Epitaphs.

Here are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the City of Sacramento:

"HERE IS LAID DANIEL BORROW, WHO WAS BORN IN SORROW, AND BORROWED LITTLE FROM NATURE EXCEPT HIS NAME AND HIS LOVE TO MANKIND AND HATRED TO REDSKINS; WHO WAS NEVERTHELESS A GENTLEMAN AND A DEAD SHOT; WHO, THROUGH A LONG LIFE, NEVER KILLED HIS MAN EXCEPT IN SELF-DEFENSE OR BY ACCIDENT; AND WHO, WHEN HE AT LAST WENT UNDER, BENEATH THE BULLETS OF HIS COWARDLY ENEMIES IN THE SALOON OF JEFF MORRIS, DID SO IN THE SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE OF A GLORIOUS AND EVERLASTING MORROW."

The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying place, is such a noteworthy achievement in this line that it may fitly conclude our compilation of a few of the curiosities of epitaph literature:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HANK MONK—THE WHITEST, BIGGEST-HEARTED, AND BEST-KNOWN STAGE-DRIVER OF THE WEST; WHO WAS KIND TO ALL AND THOUGHT ILL OF NONE. HE LIVED IN A STRANGE ERA, AND WAS A HERO, AND THE WHEELS OF HIS COACH ARE NOW RINGING ON GOLDEN STREETS."

## A Legal Condition.

Not long ago, at a wedding dinner, one of the guests told this story:

In a Western town, a small number of zealous people decided to put up a Young Men's Christian Association building. A committee was appointed, and they sent for a contractor to undertake the work. When he came, the first thing he did was to inquire, in a very worldly and matter-of-fact sort of way, into the financial resources of the organization. The President replied: "Never fear, sir, we are sure of funds; the Lord is on our side." "That is all very well," replied the contractor, "but I want some one that I can send the sheriff after if necessary."

BEECHAM'S PILLS for a bad Liver.

Bright and beautiful is a home with a Marchal & Smith Piano or Organ in it. It is easy for you to buy one, no matter where you live, from The Marchal & Smith Piano Co., of 235 East 21st St., New York.

**FREE** Catarrh cured free of all charge for recommendations after cure. For free cure address Medical Inhalation Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Photos** 16 BEAUTIES! 100 Money Making Secrets! 275 Album Vases! and 24 Games! all for 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE** Send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you our mammoth watch and jewelry catalogue free. National Mfg. & Imp. Co. 334 Dearborn St. Chicago.

**11 THRILLING Detective Stories, 16 Complete love stories and 100 Popular Songs, 10 cents (silver), Ind. Nov. Co., Boylston, Ind.**

**CANCER** Its scientific treatment and cure. Book free. Address Drs. McLeish & Weber, 123 John St. Cincinnati, O.

**\$1,000** for certain date. I pay big prices for 300 kinds of old coins; cents, 1/2 cents, 2 cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, dollars, etc., dated before 1871. Send stamp for important particulars. W. E. Skinner, Coin Broker, Boston, Mass.

**Spray Pump Free. Salary Paid Agents.** It sprays Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Plants, Lawns, Street, Gardens. Puts out fire, swarming bees. Cattle syringe. Used in cotton gins, mills, cooper shops. Throws water 60 feet. Sample free if you become agent. You ~~must~~ send 10c to help pay this ad. We send complete pump and 3 attachments. If you don't want agency send \$2.00. Circulars free. A. B. SPIERS, B 60, No. Windham, Maine.

**I WANT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO INTRODUCE** (among their friends) **Dr. STEWART'S "Quick" Headache Cure.** Cures the worst cases of SICK, NERVOUS or BILIOUS Headache and Neuralgia in 10 minutes. Contains no opiates, leaves no bad effects. Price, 35 cts.; costs agents 12 1/2 cts. To be paid for when sold. One package sent FREE with full particulars and AGENTS' TERMS, on receipt of 5 cts. (stamps) to pay postage. C. W. DUNCAN, Newark, N.J. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**FREE** provided you exhibit it to your friends and use your influence in securing its future orders. Cures the worst cases of SICK, NERVOUS or BILIOUS Headache and Neuralgia in 10 minutes. Contains no opiates, leaves no bad effects. Price, 35 cts.; costs agents 12 1/2 cts. To be paid for when sold. One package sent FREE with full particulars and AGENTS' TERMS, on receipt of 5 cts. (stamps) to pay postage. C. W. DUNCAN, Newark, N.J. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

REFERENCES: Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and all Commercial Agencies.

**FREE** A beautiful enameled scarf or stick pin with imitation diamond centre, and our book with 450 fine engravings sent FREE to any one sending 3 cents for postage. Write at once. H. KNOBLOCH & CO., 1192 B'way, N. Y.

**LOOK HERE.** Our Patent Safety Lamp Burner Collar and Filter improves the light, avoids removing burner and chimney in filling, prevents disagreeable odors, and removes danger of explosion. Fits all lamps; needed where lamps are used. **One Dozen Free** to every person who answers this ad and will help introduce them. Premium Watch to Agents. **J. BRIDE & CO., Nassau St., N. Y. City.**

**FREE SILVER SPOONS**

To introduce my goods quickly I make this liberal offer: I will give any lady **One Dozen Tea Spoons, Heavy Silver plated**, latest artistic design, warranted to wear, who will dispose of 1 dozen boxes of Hawley's Corn Salve (warranted to cure) among friends at 25c a box. I ask no money in advance, simply send me your name; I will mail you the silver spoons paid. When sold you send me the money and I will mail you the 1 dozen handsome Tea Spoons. If you find you can't sell salve, I take it back. I run all the risk. Address: **R. HAWLEY, Chemist, Berlin, Wisconsin.**

**ECONOMY** IS WEALTH. Canvasers wanted to sell the "NEW MODEL HALL TYPEWRITER." Why will people buy a \$100 machine when \$30 will purchase a better one. Send for illustrated catalogue and terms to county agents. Address: **N. TYPEWRITER CO., Boston, Mass.**

**Greatest Historical Adventure Book Published.**

**WILD HEROES OF THE SEAS** Lives and Daring Exploits of Pirates, Buccaneers, Sea-Rovers, Marooners, Corsairs, Filibusters, Ocean-Robbers, Outlaws, Dare-Devil Freebooters, Bold Rogues and Plunderers of the Seas over the whole world. Newest, most exciting & fast-selling book out. **200 Large Engravings.** Farmers and their wives make \$200 to \$400 during winter. Are you out of work? In debt? In need of money? Then here is your chance. **First-class, good selling articles** and big profits. Send us your address on a postal card for catalogue and wholesale price list. Address: **LAKE ERIE MFG. CO., 245 E. 18th St., ERIE, PA.**

**GEN. AGENT WANTED** in each County to appoint Sub Agents and sell our 15 useful household articles. Exclusive territory. Our Agents make \$100 to \$200 a month. Lady Agents very successful. Farmers and their wives make \$200 to \$400 during winter. Are you out of work? In debt? In need of money? Then here is your chance. **First-class, good selling articles** and big profits. Send us your address on a postal card for catalogue and wholesale price list. Address: **LAKE ERIE MFG. CO., 245 E. 18th St., ERIE, PA.**

**A RELIABLE WOMAN**

Wanted in every County to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichols' Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasps. Wages \$40 to \$75 per month and expenses. We furnish complete stock on consignment; settlements monthly; \$3 Sample Corset free. Send 18 cents postage for sample and terms. **Nichols Mfg. Co., 378 Canal St., New York.**

**EAR.** DR. EVANS' PHOSPHOR OZONIZED AIR cures Deafness, Catarrh, Buzzing Noises, Foul Breath, Asthma and consumption. New method sent with apparatus to all parts. Explanatory pamphlet mailed free. **DAVID EVANS, M. D., 226 Tremont Street, Boston.**

"A great remedy—without doubt the greatest discovery of the age."—Boston Herald.

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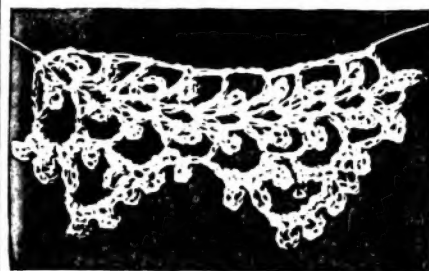
# BUSY BEES WITH THREAD AND NEEDLE.



**H**OW very late the Bees are this morning! I thought they would want to get around early, it is such a warm day, and there is every appearance of thunder-showers bye and bye. Have you filled the ice-pitcher, Cousin Drone? we shall surely need that, for they will all be thirsty after their walk. Perhaps you had better make some lemonade, if you can spare the time to go down to the grocer's for the lemons; I used the last one yesterday. Hunt up all the fans, Queen Bee, we shall want them every one; and I will pull the awning down, if that will not make the porch too dark for our work. Here they come, in summer array; but we will have a small meeting, if I may judge from appearances. You are late, sister Bees, and the sun is getting high over your heads; you must be very warm.

"Well, we should have been here earlier, but we had to dodge so many Fourth of July celebrations, and get out of the way of so many small boys with fire-crackers, that I thought we should never get here at all," says one Bee, fanning herself energetically. "This is the meanest month to travel in the whole year." Not quite as bad as August, do you think? and I hope that the Bees have brought so many pretty patterns that you will feel rewarded for the exertion. I see Bob's Wife here, and I know her skillful fingers of old. What have you for us this time, my busy matron? "If you don't say that this is the very prettiest pattern for a bedspread that you ever saw, I shall be tempted to give you a sting all round," says Mrs. Bob. "I am going to leave this sample at the Hive, and if any one wants to borrow it, I presume that Busy Bee will loan it on receipt of a couple of stamps. Next time I will bring a border to match, if any one would like it."

7th row.—\* tto, k 5, tto, k 1, tto, k 5, tto, k 1 crossed.  
8th row.—\* p 3, k 9, p 3, k 1.  
9th row.—\* tto, k 7, tto, k 1, tto, k 7, tto, k 1 crossed.  
10th row.—\* p 4, k 11, p 4, k 1.  
11th row.—\* tto, k 9, tto, k 1, tto, k 9, tto, k 1 crossed.  
12th row.—\* p 5, k 13, p 5, k 1.  
13th row.—\* tto, k 11, tto, k 1, tto, k 11, tto, k 1 crossed.  
14th row.—\* p 6, k 15, p 6, k 1.  
15th row.—\* tto, k 13, tto, k 1, tto, k 13, tto, k 1 crossed.  
16th row.—\* p 7, narrow (to do this always slip the next stitch, knit the next stitch and pass slipped stitch over), k 13, n, p 1, k 1.  
17th row.—\* tto, k 23, tto, k 1 crossed.  
Like this work every following row denoted



NARROW PICOT LACE.

by an odd number up to and inclusive of the 31st.

18th row.—\* p 8, n, k 11, n, p 8, k 1.  
20th row.—\* p 9, n, k 9, n, p 9, k 1.  
22d row.—\* p 10, n, k 7, n, p 10, k 1.  
24th row.—\* p 11, n, k 5, n, p 11, k 1.  
26th row.—\* p 12, n, k 3, n, p 12, k 1.  
28th row.—\* p 13, n, k 1, n, p 13, k 1.  
30th row.—\* p 14, n 2 (to do this slip next st, k 2 tog and pass slipped st over), p 14, k 1.  
32d row.—Plain. From here all rows denoted by even numbers up to and inclusive of 48th all knit plain.  
33d row.—15 times alternately tto, n; then tto, k 1, tto, k 1 crossed.  
35th row.—\* tto, n, 5 times alternately tto, k 4, n; then tto, k 1, tto, k 1 crossed.  
37th row.—\* tto, n, 5 times alternately tto, k 1, tto, n, k 1; then tto, k 1, tto, n, tto, k 1 crossed.  
39th row.—\* tto, n, 5 times alternately tto, k 3, tto, n; then tto, k 3, tto, n, tto, k 1 crossed.  
41st row.—\* tto, k 2, 5 times alternately tto, n, k 1, n, tto, k 1; then tto, n, k 1, n, tto, k 2, tto, k 1 crossed.  
43d row.—\* tto, k 4, tto, n, 2, 5 times alternately tto, k 3, tto, n; then tto, k 4, tto, k 1 crossed.  
45th row.—\* tto, k 4, tto, k 1 crossed.  
47th row.—\* 22 times alternately tto, n; then tto, k 1, tto, k 1 crossed.  
49th 50th and 51st all plain after the 48th, turn the work and knit the last rows on the wrong side so they appear purled on the right side. Then cast off the stitches.

"You often urge us to be more neighborly in answering the requests for patterns, Busy Bee," says Evie Fleming, coming forward. "so I have come all the way from Bake Oven, Oregon, this morning, to bring the directions for a purse which one of the Bees wanted; and now while you have the needles in your hands is a good time to try it. It takes one-half ounce of knitting silk and two small steel needles.

**LONG SILK PURSE.**  
Cast on 59 stitches, knit across plain.  
1st row.—Purl 2, tto, repeat until only 1 st remains, k 1.  
2d row.—Same as 1st, and so on until the 65th row. Care must be taken to keep up the number of stitches, as one may be easily dropped and not be noticed. Now do 83 rows of plain, knitting, garter stitch. Then knit 64 rows of the fancy pattern same as at the beginning, knit one row plain and bind off. You now have a long, flat piece, a little smaller in the middle than at the ends. Sew up the sides as far as the plain knitting, sew up the ends, and finish with steel trimmings.

And I have a pretty lace pattern, too, which I think you might like; it is very nice to trim underwear.

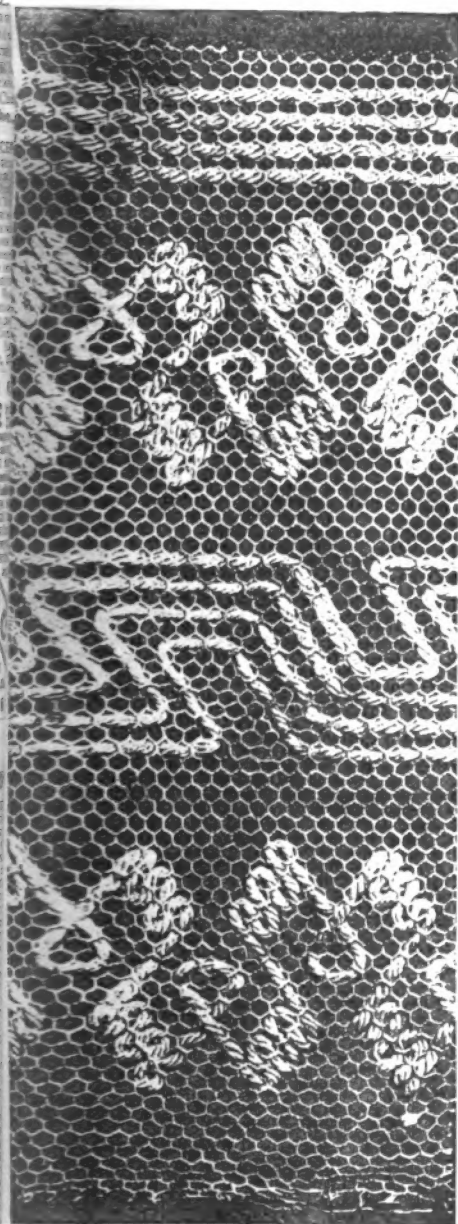
**NARROW PICOT LACE.**  
1st row.—Ch 7, 1 tr, 1 picot (5 ch, 1 sc in 1st st of ch), 1 tr in 1st st of 7 ch, 2, 1 tr, 1 picot, 1 tr in same ch, turn.  
2d row.—Ch 5, 1 tr, 1 picot, 1 tr under ch 2, ch 2, 1 tr, 1 picot, 1 tr under same ch 2, ch 6, fasten with sc in ch beside the 1st tr of last row, turn.  
3d row.—2 dc, \* 1 picot, 2 dc under ch 6, repeat twice from \* ch 3, 1 tr, 1 picot, 1 tr in ch 2 (between tr), ch 2, 1 tr, 1 picot, 1 tr in same ch 2, ch 2, 1 tr in 3d of ch 5, turn.  
4th row.—Ch 5, like 2d row to scallop, then ch 6, sc in ch 3, turn.  
5th row.—2 dc, 1 picot, 2 dc under ch 6, ch 6, turn, dc in middle picot of scallop of 3d row, turn, 2 dc, \* 1 picot, 2 dc under ch 6, repeat twice from \* 1 dc, 1 picot, 2 dc, 1 picot under last part of 1st ch 6, ch 3, 1 tr, 1 picot, 1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, 1 picot, 1 tr under ch 2, ch 2, 1 tr in 3d of 5 ch; repeat from 2d row.

Thanks to all the Bees for making the Hive so interesting."

Here is an Indiana Bee with some suggestions for fancy articles.

"If you want to make a pretty **THROW** for a picture or shelf, try this. Get a yard of black silk veiling, make rosettes of orange ribbon, put 3 on one end and 2 on the other, and trim with yellow plush balls or tassels.

**FRIENDSHIP TIDY.**  
Get enough "friendship" ribbons 1-2 yd. long to make a tidy 1-2 yd. wide. Lap the edges over a little, and work the seams with floss in fancy stitches. Finish the edge with a lace ruffle.



DARNED LACE FOR CURTAINS, &amp;c.

**KNITTED SQUARE FOR SPREAD.**  
This square is knitted, according to the purpose for which it is designed, with coarse or fine knitting cotton and steel needles of corresponding size. Take up 2 sts on each of 4 needles (8 in all), knit with the 5th, always going forward, knit 1 round plain, then—  
1st row.—\* tto (thread thrown over), k 1; repeat from \*. This repetition from \* will not be referred to again in the course of the work, being understood.  
2d row.—\* p 1, k 5, p 1, k 1.  
3d row.—\* tto, k 1.  
4th row.—\* p 1, k 5, p 1, k 1.  
5th row.—\* tto, k 3, tto, k 1, tto, k 3, tto, k 1 crossed.  
6th row.—\* p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1.

**BANNER.**  
Gympson burrs, gilded or dyed, and sprinkled with diamond dust or flitters, are pretty tied on black velvet banners with a bow of bright ribbon. For banner rods, use pieces of fishing pole, and pasteboard rings crocheted with silk."

**HOW TO MAKE LACE CURTAINS.**  
"Do any of the Bees ever do any darned lace?" asks a Bee from Long Island. "I made a beautiful pair of curtains several years ago, which were much admired, and have brought a sample of the work with me to-day. It also makes a handsome table cover, or baby carriage afghan, trimmed all around with coarse lace of the same material. I made one and lined it with red paper muslin. I made it a little longer and wider than the carriage, and did not tuck it in when baby was small, as the frill of lace looks so much prettier hanging over the sides. I did not put the frill on the cover until after I had lined it, as the frill is not to be lined. I hope some of the Bees will admire this sample enough to try the work, and make themselves some curtains; mine have been washed a number of times, so you see that it is durable as well as beautiful."

"My hands are so warm that I cannot work any longer," says Prairie Rose, "and I suggest that we adjourn. Just one more glass of lemonade, Busy Bee! Mr. Drone deserves a vote of thanks from the company for making it."

Good-bye to all, and try not to get sun-struck on the way home!

Contributions solicited for this column from the friends of COMFORT. It is impossible for me to give addresses, or answer letters privately. Address, **BUSY BEE, (Care of COMFORT Pub. Co.)**

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## STRANDED.



It was an autumn day on a little island in the Baltic Sea. Just four years ago this very day, Charles Harding had left Bremen as steersman on the barque "Martha," bound for Montevideo, and from Montevideo he had written home to Enoch, the father of Elizabeth (the girl to whom he was engaged), saying that the ship had taken a cargo for the west coast of South America, and consequently he would get back to the island nearly eight months later than he had hoped; but that his marriage with Elizabeth should take place immediately on his return.

A year went by and no news came, until Enoch, while away on business, heard that the "Martha" was missing and six months later a friend sent him a newspaper, which stated that the "Martha" had been wrecked on the coast of Chili and only a part of her crew had been rescued. Charles Harding's name was not among those of the saved.

The family and neighbors were struck by the quiet way in which Elizabeth took the news. But as the years went by they found she had not lost hope, but still spent long hours on the shore watching for his return.

The news concerning Harding had been of equal importance to but one other person on the island, and that was to Walter Kirsch. When very young, Wal-

ter and started up the stairs. Hark, did some one call his name! He turned back to see if it could be Charles, and as he did so the memory of a brave sailor, who once risked his life to save his, rose up before him. And going back he dragged Charles on to deck and to the side, but what did it mean? There was no longer any life boat there. Looking about him Walter became aware that the waves had set the barque free, and they were already miles from the island.

He made Charles and himself fast to the mast, and then what a night of misery he spent, until there came a sudden shock and then he lost consciousness. On coming to himself he found they were aground again, and that people on the main and were already hurrying to and fro. Help must come soon or be too late. But hardly had this thought crossed Walter's mind, when, with a whizzing sound, an arrow fell on the ship, to this a small cord was fastened, and to this a tinny cord, as Walter found on drawing it in, and to the tiny cord a rope was fastened, and to that a stronger rope with a pulley on which was written, "Make fast to the ship and signal us." Walter's strength was fast failing him, but he succeeded in carrying out his directions, and slowly the rope began to run through the pulley, and from the shore came, tied to the rope, a raft large enough for one man; to this Walter bound Charles and watched as they hauled him to the shore; then came the suspense and horrible fear lest the rope should give way before the raft could return to him; but no, it came, and soon he was being received on the shore in safety.

Years afterwards Walter was to be found as captain of a large barque, and Charles was enjoying the happiest of home life on his native island, with Elizabeth as his wife.

## THE STORY OF A CLEVER CHAP.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

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CHAP. I. "BILLY."

Billy Chapman was just sixteen, and his friends had secretly planned to give him a surprise party. Somehow Billy got wind of it and thought he'd surprise them. So he wrote to Morse & Co.—all on the quiet.



CHAP. II.

THE "STRANGER."

On the appointed evening his friends trooped into the parlor, but Billy was missing. A handsome young stranger came to greet them and said that one of Billy's relatives would be down directly.



CHAP. III. BILLY'S "UNCLE."

And presently a gentleman who announced himself as Billy's uncle appeared and told them that William had met with an accident that afternoon in "trying to shovel wind off the roof," and that the family doctor would explain all about it.



CHAP. IV. THE "DOCTOR."

Next, the doctor came and said it was a compound fracture of the physiognomy, but that Billy had recovered sufficiently to enable him to smile, and that he would shortly be down. In the meantime he would send in Mr. Beard, a friend of Billy's.



CHAP. V. THE "HONORABLE."

The Honorable Mr. Beard had no sooner entered than he thought the joke had gone far enough, and suddenly snatching a set of lifelike whiskers from his face, Billy himself made a polite bow and said, "Whose surprise party is this?"



The above shows what fun boys can have by investing a few cents in our wonderful false mustaches, beards, goatees, and whiskers. The pictures here shown are of one and the same person—Billy Chapman—and the marvellous changes were effected in a few seconds by means of these "gay deceivers." For Private Theatricals, Amateur Minstrel Shows, Charades, Tableaux, Parlor Entertainments, etc., they are simply immense. Nothing will so completely change one's appearance. A boy can be instantly transformed into a man so that even his sweetheart and parents fail to recognize him. They are made of the best material—genuine hair, nicely crimped—giving them a wavy and natural appearance. Instantly adjusted or removed from the face. Mustaches and goatees—gray, red, light, medium, or dark brown, and black, price 7 cents each, four for 25 cents, or 60 cents per dozen. Goatees, 5 cents each, four for 15 cents, or 40 per dozen. Beards and Whiskers—white, gray, red, light, medium, or dark brown, and black. Price, Full Beard, 60 cents; Whiskers with Mustache, 60 cents; four of either for \$2.00. Any of above goods mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. In ordering, send small lock of hair or state color desired.

Morse &amp; Co., Augusta, Maine.

## How Columbus Looked.

Emilio Castelar, perhaps the most eminent historian in Spain to-day, writes as follows for the "Century" concerning the personal appearance of the great discoverer as he looked to the men who knew him:

Columbus was of powerful frame and large build; of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and his legs like well-beaten oars; his nerves high-strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and his shoulders broad; his face rather long and his nose aquiline; his complexion fair, even inclining to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep workings of thought. In the life written by his son Ferdinand we are told that Columbus not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skilful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engraving and copying. In his private notes he said that every good map-draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts, over which were scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via."

## Men Will Smoke

good cigars and some like a good pipe. Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine, have a "Cigar Pipe" which they will give away to anyone sending 5c. for the next two months of COMFORT. This pipe being lined with asbestos cannot burn out and you can get two dozen smokes for the price of one cigar. It looks just like a 15c. cigar and comfort is combined with cheapness; they are summer joys for the men and are sent free.



"Without delay he sought Elizabeth."

ter had been sent as sailor on a three years' cruise; but he was not too young to have fallen in love with Elizabeth before he left; nor, at the end of the three years, to watch her grief at the delayed return of the man to whom she had become engaged during Walter's absence.

For two years he had hesitated to do more than to be very attentive, but he would hesitate no longer! Accordingly, he hastened to her father that very night and Enoch met him encouragingly the next day, telling him he had talked with his daughter and Walter should have his answer from her lips.

Without delay he sought Elizabeth, who greeted him blushing and said, "Yes, I will be your wife, for I have known you all my life and you have always been kind and good to me. You too, know what my life has been, and the one thing I ask is to remain true, in my thoughts, to Charles. So if you will take me, as a wife who honors and respects you, well and good!"

Walter replied joyously, "the man you loved was a proud youth and my warmest friend, so I only love you more, for your fidelity to him. But I feel sure, in time, you will forget the past and give your heart to me. Since you have consented, when shall the marriage take place?"

"Not before spring," replied Elizabeth. "I have some preparations to make."

It was the evening eight days before the wedding and a fearful storm was raging, when suddenly the horn at the rescuing station was sounded.

Young and old rushed to the shore. When Walter arrived the life boat was just ready to be launched on the roaring sea, and eight other youths sprang into it and were soon pulling with all their force, trying, in spite of the terrific wind and billowy sea, to reach a ship which was stranded on the sand about a quarter of a mile from the shore. At first it seemed hopeless, but sixteen strong arms were doing their best, and before long the lee side of the vessel had been reached and a line thrown up; quickly the crew of the unfortunate ship descended into the life boat, now the captain only was left, he paused, one man was missing. Where was the steersman? A chorus of voices answered, "The boom as it fell struck and killed him!" An injury to his foot, prevented the captain from verifying this statement, so Walter insisted on doing so.

In a moment he was on board, thrown headlong on



"It was Charles Harding."

the deck by the waves for a moment, but soon groping his way to the stairway leading to the cabin. In the cabin hung a lantern and by its light he could see a figure stretched at full length on the floor. He dragged this figure to the light, where, with a cry, he let it fall with a heavy thud to the floor. It was Charles Harding! For a moment Walter gazed at that white face, then knelt and felt his heart, it still beat, he lived.

Like a flash it all arose before Walter what it would mean to have Charles live. Why should his life be ruined for the sake of this dying man, the sailors thought him already dead. Walter sprang to his feet

## 10 Summer Novels Free!

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THE OUTCOME of the Little Brown Jug offer in the May issue was the receipt of Thousands upon Thousands of letters, all but one or two of which were unanimous in speaking in the highest terms of COMFORT's several departments and the improvements that have been made during the past year. We wish to extend our sincere thanks to our Millions of readers who have kindly offered us suggestions that will assist us to still further improve COMFORT during the year to come. We can but hint to our readers of radical and pleasing improvements that are to be made that will involve an outlay for COMFORT aggregating nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and with the many words of good cheer and helpful hints received from our many subscribers we now feel able to proceed on a solid basis feeling safe that we can touch the popular sentiment in adding new features to those that have already placed COMFORT to the front and obtained for it a circulation not rivaled by any monthly in the world. Starting in as it does with this issue on its Second Million we are very anxious to have all well rewarded in obtaining subscriptions for COMFORT's second million, and having had a great call for more stories we have decided to offer TEN FULL AND COMPLETE STORIES FREE to all who will obtain only one new yearly subscriber at 25c. this month, or to those whose subscription now expires—as Thousands do in July—we will send the Ten Complete Novels free for a renewal at 25c. if ordered at once.

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That the coming World's Fair at Chicago will be a gigantic success and that there will be plenty to see may be judged from the fact that the Commissioners have already received applications for twice as much space as was originally set aside for exhibitors. Such arrangements will be made, however, as will ensure room for all and everything.

## TO OUR LADY READERS.

"How City Girls Develop and Improve Their Features and Forms by Gymnastics," is the title of a highly interesting article which will appear in our August issue. This article, which will be splendidly illustrated by special artists, will occupy one full page and will be followed by others on subjects which cannot but prove of deep interest to the world of women. We trust our lady readers will show their appreciation of our efforts in this direction by getting up clubs for our popular magazine which for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents per year directs every sister and brother to the royal road of Comfort.

While the cholera raged in New York some years ago and carried off thousands of lives, the "Sun" of that city recommended the following remedy, which proved of such marked efficacy that it soon became popularly known as the "Sun Cholera Mixture." We give the receipt here as a household hint for the hot season.

Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wine glass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

## THE GHOST OF WUN LUNG.

This is the title of an illustrated story written expressly for our columns, the publication of which we shall shortly begin. The particular ghost of which the story treats differs from every kind of spook ever seen and written about, and the thrilling account of its capture will prove delightful reading. If those of our readers who enjoy really good short stories (and who is there that does not?) will bring Comfort to the notice of their friends and neighbors and get up clubs at twenty-five cents a year per copy, we shall be glad to publish in every issue several of the very best complete short stories that talent can furnish or money can buy. There are thousands of papers published in this country, but none like COMFORT. It stands alone and its popular features go straight to the heart of the million. Send us a club without delay and tell us what kind of stories you like best.

To old and young a careful study of our picturesque July title-page will serve to recall many cherished recollections of comfort and joy. Of all the days of the year, none is so exclusively an American holiday as the Glorious Fourth, and a glance at the "good time for all" which our artist has so graphically portrayed within the linked emblems of the sisterhood of States, will prove both interesting and instructive. Note how proudly the Bird of Freedom with pinions spread, bears upon each feather the lifelike countenance of a President, save upon the last, where soon the American people will place the likeness of a worthy successor of those honored in the past. Shadowed by the wings of the eagle are stirring events of our early history—the flight of the Hessians and hot pursuit by Continentals, the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, the swinging bell that rang out "Liberty" in Philadelphia, and the signing of that grand legacy to all Americans—the Declaration of Independence. And from these scenes we look across the page to the commemoration exercises of the present day, the orator proclaiming in fiery words the glory of our nation, and the school children sweetly singing Columbia and the Star Spangled Banner. Let every farmer's lad remember that of the twenty-three faces pictured here, there is not one of a city-born boy—that the farm-house is the cradle of Presidents.

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON VACATION RAMBLES.

[ILLUSTRATION PAGE 9.]

It is just as important to rest as to work, and as a people we are at last beginning to realize it. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and he is but little better if he has all play and no work. The Creator in His all-wise providence has ordained that the greatest of all blessings is work, and a moment's reflection shows us the truth of this proposition. Many of us, however, never have had a chance to loaf long enough to get sick of it, and only wish we had the opportunity. But the experience of men everywhere is that the man of leisure has really the hardest work of all. In prisons where the experiment has been tried, enforced idleness becomes a torture—so dreadful is such a position that while the State Government desire to limit the production of prison-made goods, they have not the heart to doom the convict, wretched as he is, to the still further horror of idleness. The inevitable result is insanity and death.

And so the same truth seems to be more and more realized among our business men. They find that a man does better work for spending one month out of twelve in the country, than he does by spending all his time at the desk or the work-room throughout the year. And thus it comes about that all through the country just now the toiler seeks recreation, and in the infinite variety of mountains, seas and lakes with which our country abounds, he finds ample scope for his taste and inclination. It is a rather discouraging fact, that the farmer is so slow to see the necessity of a change. He seems content to work day in and day out in the same old rut. The farmer's wife and the farmer's daughter are in the same pitiable plight. In the summer all their relatives come down on them in swarms, and make their work doubly toilsome. If they take in boarders, the boarder wants a very large section of the earth for about five dollars a week. One would imagine they were used to the fat of the land at home, and were simply putting up with their present unfortunate surroundings out of consideration for the poor farmer. As a matter of fact, they are probably getting more than they are accustomed to, and certainly as much. I sometimes think the city boarder in the country would be more popular if they would not affect the air of superiority which they too frequently assume. It is probably due to a narrow view of the relations that should exist between the guest and the host, and is, I am happy to say, becoming less and less prevalent every year. With the growing of the summer vacation this feeling will wear away altogether.

But the situation of the farmer remains about the same. Neither spring nor summer, nor autumn nor winter brings a vacation for the "Independent" Farmer. His independence alas is only a figure of speech. He is hemmed in by circumstances over which he has no control, and his vacation is, as yet, only a dream. But it is nevertheless one of the things the farmer must do. He must learn to take a rest and a change of scenery. He must arrange to take his wife and his daughters off for a visit somewhere. The question of expense should not be considered alone. The renewed health and strength and the comfort brought into their lives is money well invested, and return interest, hundredfold.

Our artist has made many interesting sketches of the scenes and incidents noted on this annual summer outing. The scenes are laid on mountain and lake and everywhere the tourist seems to enjoy himself. It may not seem enjoyment to you who live in a hilly country to see men clamber up the side of a hill as is shown in the right hand side of our picture. To you who live on the border of some beautiful lake, but which from constant association has lost its charm, to you it may not seem fun to spend whole days paddling idly o'er its surface gazing at the fleeing clouds. And to those whose lives are spent in the forest cutting and shipping lumber, it may seem strange that men should call it fun to build a house of rude logs, cook their food by a fire built outside and put up with discomforts from choice, which you endure from necessity. But it all depends on circumstances. What is food for one man is sometimes poison to another. And so it would appear to us if you came to the city in the summer to spend a brief two weeks. Yet there you would find a multitude of things to interest you which we have had all through the winter and of which we have tired. There are countless pretty theatres kept delightfully cool by clever devices of ventilation. There are hosts of pretty girls on the stage and in the audience. Bright bits of color are everywhere, and the whole scene is one of animation and excitement. The orchestra strikes up, the curtain is raised, and the whole building flooded with melody. Just now the light operas are ringing with a famous comic song which has simply carried the people away. It is called "Boom ta ra boom ta ray." There doesn't seem to be anything in it, but the air is catchy, and there is a certain amount of snap and go to it which renders it absolutely irresistible. Old time favorites like "Comrades" and "Annie Rooney" have been banished for the new favorite. In a short time you will find this song all over the country. It is destined to be the most famous song that the light opera people have yet produced.

And so should the farmer come to the city he will find plenty of amusement that will do him good. Almost anything that he wants can be had for the asking. The women kind of the family will doubtless be much interested in the great dry goods stores, and the summer is a good time to see them. They will also want to visit some of the places they have heard so much about, like the Auditorium Tower in Chicago which gives a view of the surrounding country for hundreds of miles. Of Grant's Tomb at Riverside in New York or Washington's Tomb near the Capitol City. He will also like to visit the Halls of Congress in Washington and the various public buildings. These are all interesting even in summer.

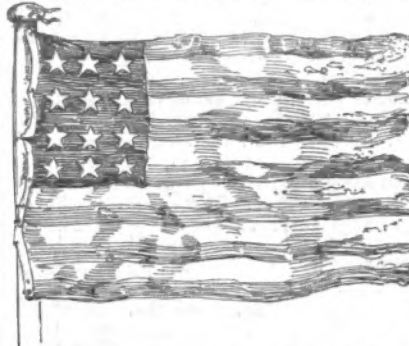
The importance and value from a commercial standpoint, if from no other, of a vacation ramble is one that is gradually being realized. The farmer knows from experience that the city dweller has at last come to a proper appreciation of its importance and we hope the farmer will not allow himself to be left much behind in the march of progress.

## OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

"The Star Spangled Banner."—The most truly national of our songs is "The Star Spangled Banner." The poem, which has sent a patriotic thrill through millions of hearts, was written by a lawyer named Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812. Mr. Key was born in Maryland, August 9, 1780, and became district attorney for the District of Columbia. During the invasion of the British he was taken prisoner, and it was while confined in a British war-ship, during the attack on Baltimore, that the words were written. All the day before, the cannon had unceasingly roared, but still the flag floated proudly from Fort M'Henry. The darkness of night had not wholly stilled the firing, and through the first faint light of a gray dawn Key looked anxiously out for the banner whose success meant liberty; whose defeat, a long, dreary imprisonment. When he saw it yet flinging its folds to the breeze,

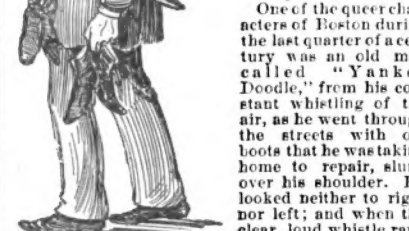


although torn by shot and shell, he took fresh courage, and his feelings found expression in the words of the beautiful poem that we know so well. A manuscript copy fell into the hands of a printer, and was published on loose sheets. A young actor in Philadelphia chanced to see one of these, and was so impressed by them that he committed them to memory; and a few days after, while sitting in the club, it darted into his mind associated with a favorite air whose dignity and sonorous swing fitted it perfectly. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, "Boys, I've got it!" and sang it to his companions at once. They applauded it to the echo; and that night Durang sang it at the old Holiday Street Theatre, where it created the wildest enthusiasm. The air is called "Anacreon in Heaven," and was composed by John Stafford Smith, somewhere about 1770, to be sung by a jovial London society called "The Anacreontic." Francis S. Key died in 1843, and his fame has been perpetuated by a monument



by the famous sculptor Story, in San Francisco, at the expense of James Lick, founder of the famous observatory. In connection with the foregoing, it may be interesting to note that the first national flag ever made is now in the possession of Mrs. Samuel Bayard Stafford of Cottage City, Mass. It was made by ladies of Philadelphia from a design suggested by the coat-of-arms of the Washington family, which bears three stars. The commander of Paul Jones's famous vessel, "Bon Homme Richard," was deputed to fling it to the breeze from his ship, and, sailing down the Potomac, submit it to the inspection of the representatives of the thirteen States. It won their approval, and was adopted by acclamation as the national flag. Mrs. Stafford, now aged seventy-two, is the widow of the son of the man who nailed it to the mast-head in the fight with the "Serapis," and for this daring feat the flag was presented to him by vote of Congress at the conclusion of the war. Mrs. Stafford has not only the flag, but the original letter of presentation, dated Philadelphia, September 1, 1784.

"Yankee Doodle."—Less is known of this tune than of the other national songs. The only words attached to it are doggerel, and the origin of the air is so old and obscure that it cannot possibly be traced. It is said that it acquired its place in our national songs because it was played by the British at the beginning of the "Concord Fight," in the Revolutionary War, and derisive words were sung by the trained soldiery as they marched to the easy victory they expected over a band of farmers. The rustic opponents caught the air, and defiantly sang it to rude rhymes of their own; and from that time "Yankee Doodle" was no longer a British, but an American tune; for to the former it meant humiliation and defeat, while to the United States it meant victory and freedom.



One of the queer characters of Boston during the last quarter of a century was an old man called "Yankee Doodle," from his constant whistling of the air, as he went through the streets with old boots that he was taking home to repair, slung over his shoulder. He looked neither to right nor left; and when the clear, loud whistle rang out on the air, people said, "There goes old 'Yankee Doodle,'" and looked curiously after him as he marched steadily on. A tragic interest has attached to his memory since his death, about five years ago, by the murder of one son by another, to get the property he left. This was the famous Sawtell case; for old "Yankee Doodle" was father of Hiram and Isaac Sawtell.

"America."—"Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," said a wise man. Our nation has not yet many songs of its own, but there are some that have sung themselves into the hearts of the people, and made there a place that cannot be gained. "America" has thus acquired a kind of right to be considered a national song, although only its words belong to us. They were

written by a New England clergyman, Samuel Francis Smith, a native of Boston, and Harvard graduate of the class of 1829, the same that graduated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Smith wrote the words to be sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration at the Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. Regarding the origin of the music there are conflicting opinions, some musical writers ascribing to it a German birthplace, but the consensus of opinion among the best authorities is, that it was composed by Dr. John Bull, about 1653. The fact that "John Bull" has become the typical name of the English people, lends color to this belief. Dr. Bull was an excellent musician and composer, who was royal organist of the Cathedral at Hereford for many years. The music was first printed about 1742, having previously been in use in his choir in manuscript, and the words of "God Save the King" were written for it. It immediately became popular, and was soon recognized as the national hymn.

"Home, Sweet Home."—This may be almost regarded as a national song, so widely is it known. Indeed, there are undoubtedly many who can sing "Home, Sweet Home" who do not know a stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner."

It was written by John Howard Payne, a native of New York City, born June 9, 1792. He became an actor, making his debut there in 1809. In 1813 he went to London and became highly popular. After a while he forsook the stage for the pleasures of



authorship, and wrote and adapted many plays. He was appointed American consul at Tunis in 1841,—being probably the only actor who ever held that position,—and remained there until his death in 1852. His body was removed to Washington, and there interred in 1883. There is a popular story to the effect that Payne wrote the poem while in deep poverty, even the details of a stormy night, a bright light in windows of beautiful home, a staggering homeward to write by the light of a tallow candle, being given. But it is safe to say, from consultation of the best authorities, that this is wholly untrue, as Payne had an exceptionally prosperous though latterly quiet career, and was "homeless" simply because he never married, owing to a disappointment in early manhood. The words of the song are found in one of his plays called "Clari," arranged to a Sicilian air. It has long had a peculiar interest as the favorite encore song of the celebrated singer Adelina Patti, who sings it so affecting and with such exquisite pathos as often to bring tears to the eyes of her auditors.

## NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

True friendship—one soul in two bodies.—Pythagoras.

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.—Bovee.

"Charity is a precious coin dropped into the hearts of men from the mint of heaven."

"Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself."

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—Horace Mann.

A house is no home unless it contain food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.—Alphonse Karr.

"Music is the link which binds earth to heaven. It strengthens faith, brightens hope and fills the heart with joy."

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—Emerson.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.—Bourdillon.

## When to Fly the Flag.

Every schoolhouse in the land should possess the flag of the United States. If it is not displayed every day during school hours, it certainly should be hoisted on the opening day of the term, on the dates of the State and town election, when the President or the governor is inaugurated, and on the Fourth of July. The flag should also float on the breeze on the anniversaries of historical events occurring during the school terms. On these days special exercises in honor of the event will add to the children's interest in the history of their town, county, State and nation. An excellent list of dates is suggested by the Springfield, Mass., school board to be commemorated by displaying the flag on school buildings:

February 12, Lincoln's birthday,	1809
" 22, Washington's birthday,	1732
March 17, Evacuation of Boston by British,	1776
April 2, Jefferson's birthday,	1743
" 5, Lee's surrender,	1863
" 19, Battle of Lexington,	1775
May 14, Springfield organized as a town,	1636
" 23, Foundation of Jamestown, Va.,	1607
" 30, Memorial day,	1868
June 17, Battle of Bunker Hill,	1775
" 20, United States flag adopted,	1777
September 5, First Continental Congress, adopted,	1774
" 17, United States Constitution adopted,	1789
October 12, Discovery of America,	1492
" 17, Surrender of Burgoyne,	1777
" 19, Surrender of Cornwallis,	1781
November 25, Evacuation of New York by British,	1783
December 16, Boston tea party,	1773
" 21, Landing of the Pilgrims,	1620

Also State and city elections, the inauguration of Presidents of the United States and governors of Massachusetts and opening day of each term.—Farm and Home.

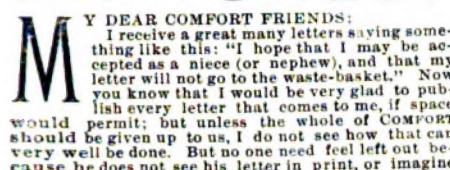
## Method in His Madness.

"I'm going to give her this music box for a birthday present," he said confidentially to a friend. "But aren't you afraid that it will destroy your welcome as a caller?" "No. Why should I?" "Well, it only plays two tunes, and they are, 'Call Me Back Again' and 'I Won't Go Home Till Morning.'"

## ALL LADIES

are beginning to use the new style hairpins that do not injure the hair in any way, being made of shell and amber they are smooth and delicate. We send you a set of four of these pretty souvenirs free postpaid if you secure one new subscriber for COMFORT at 25c., as we are anxious to have all see the new summer features. MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.





May 1st, 1892.

Cousins:—This is the 1st anniversary of the organization of our society. We have 33 members. Report of past year as follows:

Received:	
Fees	\$5.40
Dues	\$6.30
Total	\$10.70
Faid:	
Pledge cards	\$1.50
Postage, etc.	.39
Sent to Shut-Ins	6.00
Total	\$7.89
Amount in treasury May 1, 1892	\$2.81

I want to add a word in commendation of this society, which I think is doing a good work, not only by aiding the cause of temperance, but by the help that they give to the poor and suffering. In the first year of their organization, with only 33 members, and much necessary expense, they have saved \$6.00 in charity, as you see by their report. I should like to see more of the cousins joining in this good work.

"I read Apache's letter with interest, as I have lived near the Indian Territory, and have been called by business to spend some time within its borders. But my opinion of the 'noble (?) red man' differs widely from his. Some traits of the Indian character are to be admired; but his disposition was ever cruel. There is the thieving, gambling and drunkards, laziness and improvidence. The Indian teacher is in marked contrast with the whites. The Indian makes no advancement. While the Caucasian race without the civilization of any other race to teach them, rose out of the barbarism of the dark ages into the splendid civilization and intellectual development of the present time, the Indian is the same cruel, treacherous, ignorant savage that he was when four hundred years ago, he desecrated the snowy sails of the discoverers' vessels, and thought they were white-wings his coming from Heaven. I believe that the aborigines of North America had no legal or moral right which Europeans were bound to respect. Before I came in contact with the degraded savages of the Ind. Ter., I had conceived very romantic ideas of the 'children of the forest'; but like Mark Twain, I lost all my romance by coming in contact with them. I can have no respect or sympathy for any race of people who do not respect their women, and who degrade them into the condition of the Indian women. I agree, in the main, with Ernestine Schauer on the subject of war; yet sometimes it is necessary and just, as in the case of the Jews and the Germans. The wars of the Israelites were sanctioned by God, who often helped them fight their battles. Would like to correspond with Moon of Leavenworth.

white man, what wonder that the Indian rebels and retaliates in the only way possible to him, by resorting to warfare? He has had enough of the white man's deceitful treaties, and knows that 'arbitration' is of no avail. There is no justice for the weaker party. You say that the natives of America had no rights which Europeans were bound to respect. What if some stronger nation should say that of America to-day, would you placidly give our country into their hands without a struggle? I think not. Yet that is what you expect the Indians to do. Read 'A Century of Dishonor' by Helen Hunt Jackson, and perhaps you may get some new ideas on the subject. I am glad to find among the letters one which takes the other side.

"To Apache I say 'shake.' I have lived among the Indians all my life, and been to school with them, and I like them as well as most of the whites that I know. They are, as a rule, honest, at least about taking any thing that does not belong to them; and, as Apache says, that are crowding them back and taking their land, and as they go further west, the whites follow still. Then we blame them when they fight, when they are fighting for home, country, and all they love. I once read an Indian speech, and I think it was right. 'The white men came to the Indian's land and wanted but a place to build a wigwam and a little spot to plant corn. They were but a few and the Indian gave them what they wanted, and then when many came, they drove the Indian back and wanted all.' All who live within its borders can testify that this is a land worth fighting for. And as for their drinking, who is to blame for that?"

So far I have excluded the discussion from "woman's rights" from our column, believing that argument on that topic is so utterly futile, and productive of so much hard feeling, that we had better avoid it if possible. But Adam's Wife has thrown down the gauntlet, and so many are clamoring to answer her that I will throw the arena open, reserving the

"The Brethren as a church, had their rise originally in Bohemia and Moravia, whence, after 3 centuries of alternate prosperity and persecution, they emigrated to Saxony. Their renunciation of papacy more than 100 years before Martin Luther and the Reformation, makes them the oldest Protestant denomination in the world. Owing to their persecutions they emigrated in large numbers to America in 1735, going first to the colony of Georgia; but meeting with opposition and persecution there, they came north and settled in William Penn's colony, selecting the tract of land now forming the townships of Bethlehem and Nazareth in 1740. Now, we worship the customs of these people. One beautiful custom is to read daily texts at the early morning meal or in connection with private or family devotion. These texts are a selection of verses from the Bible for each day, with appropriate collects taken from the hymn book. The custom has prevailed in the church since the earliest times. The daily words suggest food for reflection and offer proof of the church's devotion, piety and encouragement to the pious and attentive heart. They have their lovefeasts. These feasts are anniversaries of memorial days, and of the different church choirs. These choirs are 4 and are as follows, viz.: 1st. Married persons, widows and widowers. 2d. Single Brethren. 3d. Single Sisters. 4th. Children. These, except the last, always precede the Holy Communion. The custom is like the observance of memorial days, is not now general, only in some of the churches. The day is always ushered in by the trombone choir, who play from the church steeple. We should say, however, that while the administration of the Lord's Supper to these choirs, is confined exclusively to them, the lovefeasts are not so. The members invite all whom they please to join with them. The feast consists of cake and coffee, and is served by both sexes, the men bringing the plates caps on their heads, white gloves and white aprons. After the feast is served to the whole congregation, the minister gives the signal to begin by raising his cup of coffee to his lips. I would like to tell you how

The study of botany is one of the most fascinating of pursuits, and cannot help but lead to a deeper love for Nature, and a deeper reverence for Nature's God

Dear Aunt Minerva!—In answer to my request in the May No. for correspondents on geography, I have received scores of letters. My time has been too limited to reply to all yet, but I am still trying to answer a few every week. I have secured correspondents from the following States, viz.: O., Ind., Wash., N. Y., Ill., Cal., Col., N. M., Mich., Mont., W. Va., Ky., Utah, Neb., Ga., Nev. Would somebody living in the States not mentioned, be kind enough to send me a description of your State? I am using an abstract of the letters I receive in my geography class, and they enjoy it very much. From several States I received many letters from the same locality but they were all interesting. I did not receive a single letter that was not gentlemanlike or ladylike, and I am sorry for some of the cousins' sad experience. Still let us, Speak gently to the erring one, oh! do not thou for-

However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother yet.  
Heir to the selfsame heritage, child to the selfsame  
God.

He has but stumbled in the path thou hast in weak-  
ness trod.

Why can we not have a society of King's Sons? Does the King have only daughters? Your nephew,  
O. H. NEIL, Holden, Goodhue Co., Minn.

I am afraid that you overlooked the notice which was given in our column some time ago in regard to the formation of a circle of King's Sons. Write to Alvin C. Dunham, Green's Landing, Maine, for further information. I want very much to see a large circle formed in our midst.

Dear COMFORT:— Nothing but my natural modesty has prevented me making my debut long ere this, at one of your grand assemblies, but when I would read the descriptions of the beauties of Nature in Vermont, the wonderful Sierras of Colorado, the beauti-



## VACATION RAMBLES.

privilege of closing the discussion if it becomes too heated.

"I am inclined to think Adam's Wife would not do justice to her own sex. I think it is woman's duty to step to the front and defend herself and those whom she dearly loves and tenderly cares for, her children. When man refuses to protect and defend the young against the snares of vice, it is high time that woman was buckling on the armor of defence and crushing beyond redemption the monster of vice. For example: The laws of Ills. will not defend or protect the virtue of a girl over the age of 13 years. And what is the legal protection extend to young girls in the State of New York? It will doubtless astonish many of the readers who have hitherto avoided the subject as indelicate, to be told that the laws of the Empire State give no protection to a girl who has passed the age of 10 years, except the law of protection which the wolf extends to the lamb. Can woman stand behind the curtain of ignorance and think it her divinely appointed mission to become a mother and look after the welfare of the kitchen, when her good influence is needed at the ballot-box and in the court-room? Let woman step to the front, take the law in hand and enforce it. She must go forth and obey her duty's call. By her earnest prayers, pushing, pleading and showing the people the right expectations in the revolution of the colossal law of man. What is the law? The law is the crystallization of public sentiment? not so. It is the crystallization of the sentiment of the few. And the boys need protection. In this State, a boy at the age of 16 may purchase tobacco when and where he pleases, against the consent of father and mother. This law is back of the tobacco merchant who lures them on step by step to destruction. Women and true men should everywhere raise their hands against the sale of lot-tobacco and abolish forever the great wrongs and vices of the day.

CLARA STEVENSON, Effingham, Ills."

I will express no opinion in regard to the preceding letter, but wait until some of the cousins have spoken.

they celebrate Christmas, and of their beautiful Easter service. The funeral service and wedding ceremony and many strange customs I think would interest you, but Auntie will think I have forgotten my promise to be brief. Miss MORAVIA."

Will you not come again and tell us more of these interesting customs? I think it would be better than writing to the cousins privately as you suggested.

"Will the lady in Calif. who sent me the shells and moss work, please write to me? I have lost her address.  
FRED LUX, East Peoria, Ills."

"Girls, I see you are giving the young men quite a rub on tobacco. I agree with you, it is a nasty habit. But does it look much worse than to see a girl on the street with a big cud of gum in her mouth? If we want the boys to quit bad habits, let the girls do so also. So, William, Thames, no one has entered your heart yet? I am going to be nice to the good-looking fellow who calls himself Wild Bill. Blossom, what did you expect a cow-boy looked like? I hope you didn't think they had horns. There are lots of cow-boys where I live.

"I am a student of botany, and have a great love for the study of plants, which are, next to man, the greatest and most beautiful of God's gifts; of such value to our life, and so beautiful without vegetation? A barren tract. Who has not experienced that thrill of rapture that speaks more than words of the silent worship of the Creator, on beholding the growth and blooming of some floral treasure? And the more we study and learn of these master works, the greater will be our love for them. Oh, for the life devoid of care, free from the wanton desires after riches which we mortals all have, in some land where perpetual summer reigns, where the peaceful quiet is only broken by the feathered songsters' soft warble, and the mysterious whispering of the millions of plants that make up the floral kingdom! If among the readers of COMFORT there are any from Mexico or South America, will they write to me and describe the plants in that region?"

'my ain saf retreat.' Just one word more. Please cousins, don't keep your harp tuned to one measure so long, but dash out with a little originality now and then, even if you do create a sensation. What tires me most, is your ding-dong on the liquor question. Instead of sitting down and writing out a mighty dissertation on the subject, just say 20c for the Society of the Cousins' Temperance Union, slip the pledge and wear the badge. That will preach a better temperance sermon in itself, and have more effect than mere words. In fact, if you can write nothing but what others have written, better not write at all. Now to all who are getting ready to pitch a pole in your own name for your bretheren for a more worthy subject, for I'm iron-clad. Would like a short-hand correspondent.

**RAGING HEATHEN."**

"I have been waiting for the time to come when I could plunge head foremost into the ink-bottle and make a raid to the rescue of Wisc. Wild Bill. I fear that some of the cousins have got their claws on him; if so, we may as well say good-bye, Billie, old boy. Let us hope that they will do nothing worse to him than burn him at the stake, that the rest of us old bachelors might get a piece of his charred bones to wear as a mascot to keep girls away. I think that a great many young men write to please the girls, instead of expressing their real thoughts as W. W. B. has done; and I will bet my old shirt that he has a heart and a purpose as large as the Madagascar Islands. Let us hope that he will come often, for the girls would be lost without some one to torment. I am very fond of reading, and like to hear a smart man talk on any subject, if it is nothing more than a dog-fight. Would like to correspond with some of those terrible ugly girls.

DAVE, Box 152, Newville, Wisc."

"I think if the girls would look well to the way their beau ideal treats his mother, and never marry a man who does not have proper respect and love for his parents, they would get far better husbands. When I was about 17 years old, I thought I would be a man right away if I only used tobacco and took a drink now and then. After following that plan for



about a year, I learned better; and although it was quite an effort to break off, I quit entirely, and have now been free from the disgusting habit for over 20 years. I know girls who say they like the smell of a good cigar, and I suggest to such that they learn to smoke at once (it won't be much trouble), so as to be the equal of their masculine friends. My experience was, that beer never tasted so good as when I had tobacco in my mouth, and tobacco was always the best when I had plenty of beer and whiskey. They are very apt to go hand in hand. As far as my observation goes, girls as a rule set their standard in a man very high, but when they take a fancy to a fellow they bury their standard and 'catch on.' Isn't that so, girls?

L. J. CLARK, Wiscoy, Minn.

The girls seem to be getting a good deal of advice lately from the opposite sex; don't you think it is pretty nearly time for the tables to begin to turn? There is considerable to be said on both sides.

"I like the purity of the atmosphere of our column. The letters are quite long, too, not mere notes conspicuous for nothing but brevity. I am glad indeed when I find a paper like COMFORT, where the letters are long and sensible, and one may turn its pages with surety of a treat in store. I wish we could all read Pansy's books. Her discussion of dancing settled the question for me. 'I will eat no meat if it causes my brother to offend,' says St. Paul, and I will not dance if it causes my brother to offend. In our crowded cities, no one can deny that there are dances that have ruined many a precious human soul. There is no danger for us, perhaps, but if the better classes persist in this amusement, their example will be followed. I make no use of the argument of late hours, etc., for the value of that is only comparative, not the principle. There is as truly a principle at stake as in the days when we drank no tea to prove our belief that there should be no taxation without representation. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' is for each of us to settle ourselves. We used to play dominoes at our reading-room; the boys began to gamble with them down town, and we opened the stove and put ours in. Oh, it is not always easy to be 'our brother's keeper'!"

EMERALD.

"I too am a member of the C. E. society, and think it a grand organization. We have quite a flourishing society, though a small one, as we have less than 25 members; all but 2 are active. How can we get more

themselves. But (of course) they must not be so unwomanly as to deviate from the old beaten track. They may be 'hired girls' or perhaps teach school, or be typewriters, or something of that sort, but further than that they must not encroach on men's professions. Now Adam's Wife this makes me 'mad.' The world is not as sentimental as it is portrayed in novels, and all of us must have Daily Bread, and a great many of us must earn it too, and if God has given a woman the talent to make a good doctor or lawyer, I think it should be her unquestioned right and privilege to exercise this talent. You also say, 'What refined lady would want to become a lawyer?' I consider this very unjust, and besides it looks as though you did not know that there are refined lady-lawyers in existence. I think a good woman can be just as good and pure and refined as a professional woman, as in any other walk of life. How many deny it? Adam's Wife, perhaps you will infer from all this that I am an old maid and a lawyer. However, I am not, I am only a 17 year old farmer's daughter, and never expect to be a professional woman myself, but I hate to see such injustice done anyone.

WILD MARJORAM.

"Will you allow a far western boy to join your witty Ovis? I live in the 'Battle Born State' and promise to be a well behaved nephew. We are a community of miners, but are not the wild, reckless individuals that the authors of dime novels would have you believe. Our mines have produced nearly \$400,000,000 since their discovery. Mackey, Fair and numerous others have amassed fortunes in a very short period. I have 2 mines and perhaps shall some day strike it rich, then I will try and help you out in the care of your numerous Shut-Ins. I think we are a very happy people, there are not many of us, but miners get \$4.00 per day, and a miner's day has only 8 hours. But all the miners are not working on account of the low price of silver, and we are losing our people, in fact we have the least population of any of the states in the Union. I am sure the cousins would enjoy a trip underground. We would go down the Con Virginia shaft 2,200 feet, and inspect the place where the Bonanza Kings, Mackey and Fair, get their enormous wealth. It is a very warm place, and we would envy the miners in their cool costume of knee breeches, which is the only raiment that can be comfortably worn at this depth. Then we would go down and see men working 8,900 feet below the surface of the earth,

### BROWN BREAD FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND, who filled the place of first lady of the land with a grace that won universal admiration, can justly lay claim to a characteristic handwriting, and a most excellent recipe for brown bread as well. Here is a happy hint to housewives written out by "Ruth's" charming mother when she was mistress of the White House:—



*Brown Bread.*  
*One bowl Indian Meal.*  
*One bowl Rye Flour.*  
*One bowl Sour Milk*  
*One large Cup Molasses.*  
*One Teaspoonful Soda*  
*One Tablespoonful Salt—*  
*Steam Two and one half*  
*hours and take from*  
*Twenty minutes to One half*  
*hour depending upon heat*  
*of oven*  
*J. F. Cleveland*

associate members? Would you accept as an associate member one who is a member of the church, but who does not wish to sign the active pledge because he thinks there is a clause in it that he could not keep? I would like to correspond with some members of C. E. societies, and exchange ideas about our work.

ENDEAVORER.

How to get more associate members seems to be a problem with many societies. The only way I know of is by holding frequent socials, and then putting in plenty of prayerful, personal work. On no account admit a church member to the associate list. If he is willing to so disgrace the Master whom he professes to serve, the society certainly should not allow him to do it. Our beloved Father Clark is always very emphatic on that point.

"I am a young Canadian girl living in the heart of the Rockies in the centre of Colorado, in small town of 3,500. The town is situated in a valley entirely surrounded by mountains. Ah, those mountains! Words are inadequate to describe their beauty and grandeur. Some clear cut, every point sharply defined against the sky, pale blue and snow-capped, others of the deepest, softest purple shaded to brown. The climate is beautiful, dry and very little snow in winter. It is as warm as spring, and one sees cattle grazing around on the hills all winter. The town lies between two rivers, one swift, deep and of a red brown—caused by the smelters many miles above here—the other very clear and shallow. There are 2 hot springs near here; invalids derive great benefit from the water. There is an extinct volcano 8 miles from town. I went to visit it once with a party on horseback, and within 2 or 3 miles of the crater we had some hard climbing, but the horses were used to it, and we rode within 200 yds. of the top. Correspondence solicited.

COLORADO CANUCK,  
 Salida, Colo."

Here is a spicy letter from Oreg.

"Adam's Wife, you and I disagree on the subject of professional women. You abhor them and say, 'Surely marriage and motherhood are woman's divinely appointed lot.' Well, I just wonder if you know or realize how many women there are in this world who must of necessity remain single—be 'old maids.' The majority of females over males in the U. S. is very great, hence there are many, many good women who can never experience the 'divinely appointed lot of marriage and motherhood.' And a great many of these single women have to support

which is the greatest depth that mining has reached on the American Continent. We could spend a whole week inspecting the various workings without seeing sunlight. The lifetime of a man would hardly suffice for time were we to go through every drift, winze and shaft upon our famous Comstock Lode, Sutro Tunnel is 23,000 feet long and drains the mines. The water is at the boiling point and many miners have been scalded to death by falling into it. We have no manufacturing at all, depending for them on Cal. A farmer would not vote this an attractive place for his calling, but there is some arable land which yields good crops when pressed by irrigation. Nevada without her mines is like the play of 'Hamlet' when Hamlet himself is missing. Now we hope the Eastern people will restore silver to its lost prestige. Then Nevada will be 'in it' with the other States of the Union. I wish some of the cousins would pity the ignorance of poor me and write me a few letters explaining the various terms they so often use in their letters, now for instance, Christian Endeavor, King's Daughters and numerous other societies. I think I am about the worst nephew you have, I am a novel reader, I have read every novel to be found in my little town. I am very fond of the girls. Swear sometimes, am passionately fond of dancing, and to crown all learned boxing and base ball playing during my college days. Now Auntie am I not wicked? Wild Bill is very much like an angel in my opinion, he is so queer. I have written to many of the cousins and their letters to me were ladylike and contained very much information, and although never seen by me I feel as if they are true friends. A jolly crowd of Nevada boys are going to the World's Fair, so you had better keep your eyes upon your favorite nieces, or else you'll find them over here when we return. But I am afraid that this letter will frighten them all. I go to church despite all my vices and try to treat everyone as I would like to be treated. The way divorces are arranged in our day seems to be a black eye on 'love.' I believe in love, and think everyone has a mate somewhere on this sphere, and when he finds her all will be sunshine and roses. At present it looks like I am destined to walk the pathway of darkness and thorns. Well, if some of the cousins think I am not past redemption, I shall be pleased to hear from them. Yours respectfully,

NEVADA JACK, when at home."

I fear we shall not have space for more letters this month, so will close the column.  
 With best wishes,  
 AUNT MINERVA.

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## THE FIRE-CRACKER.

WHAT visions are conjured up by the mere name of the fire-cracker! Flashes flying, grotesque processions, small boys with smoke-blackened faces and blistered fingers that mamma is tenderly binding, with intermittent scoldings, — that is the sort of thing that the fire-cracker brings to mind, for is it not an



adjunct to the glorious Fourth which no patriotic young American would be without on that happy day?

And yet does it ever occur to that small boy that fire-crackers were the delight of other small boys, and the terror of their mothers, centuries before Columbus started out to discover us? Does he ever think of the little Chinese lads with funny little pig-tails, and slanting, shining brown eyes, who played with them two or three hundred years before the Christ was born? Yet so it was. Nitre, the principal ingredient in gunpowder, has always been found in great quantities in both India and China, and the ancient records of both countries prove that gunpowder was there manufactured at a time when Europe was a howling wilderness, except in the little corner where Rome sat on her Seven Hills, ere she had become the mighty Empress of the world. Fireworks were the earliest form in which gunpowder was used, as oddly enough its ending qualities covered be-



tructive showers of from rock. Chinese from time fire-cracker-the earliest has some- was a sup- useful in the same gout with of the moon to frighten the evil one who is darkening it. It is possible that this is true to some extent, although there is no reason to suppose that the earliest fire-crackers were actually invented for this purpose. From the simple little cracker was gradually evolved the destructive cannon, which was used by the Chinese in their war with the Mongols in A.D. 1232. It was introduced into Europe about 1540. Now, would it not be a good idea for the men who want to treat the Chinese as if they were savage beasts, to remember that little Chinese boys and little American boys play with the same toys, find pleasure in the same amusements, look up at the brightness of the same stars, and are created by the same Power? Does not that thought put a different aspect on the case?

## Called the Bet, but Got Left.

Some years ago an English engineer, now prominent in the official management of one of our great railroads, was superintending the construction of a new road in Pennsylvania. After supper one evening he strolled into the "settin' room" of the country tavern, where some twenty men were seated around the stove, smoking and chatting.

A regular down east Yankee was expounding the remarkable strength of the arch, its use and application in mechanics, and illustrating his remarks by pawing a half bushel measure.

"You ain't no idee," said he, "how strong the arch is, if ye set it right—if ye know how. Now there's the egg; nothin's got a prettier arch than the egg, and if you set it right it's mighty strong. Why, I kin set an egg on this floor in such shape that ye can't break it with this half bushel measure."

A general murmur of sneering disbelief ran around the room, but the Yankee was game.

"I said I kin, and I kin, and I'll bet the drinks for the crowd on it."

The engineer hated a Yankee, and though a reserved man, he could not permit a Yankee to bluff a whole party with such an arrogant and preposterous statement, so he quietly said:

"I will take that bet."

An egg was brought in from the kitchen and handed to the Yankee. He took it and stood it upon the floor in the corner of the room, where the measure couldn't reach.

The engineer did not even attempt to fill a square corner with a round measure, but paid for the drinks and retired, sadder and wiser.—*Cassier's Magazine.*

## Men and Monkeys.

The theory that men have descended from monkeys is one that seems to possess peculiar fascination for scientists. In order to demonstrate the nearness of the relation a man in London once trained a company of monkeys to appear on the stage as a company of soldiers; and it was a wonder to see how very like little men they were. But one night it occurred to some wag in the audience to toss a handful of hazel-

nuts on the stage and in an instant the whole company broke rank, came down on all fours and began to scramble for the nuts. It was the baseness of a vision after all. They were not soldiers, they were only monkeys. The dial shot back 20,000 years of the turn of a man's hand. The drill was not even skin deep; not one of them could hear the word of command when nuts were to be had for the scrambling. They had not won what we have won at prime cost, the power to answer to the word of command; they had only ears, eyes, paws, paunches and stomachs when these nuts were to the fore. Duty, drill, discipline and what would befall when the curtain came down with a run—these were all of no account, here were the nuts!

The origin of man is of impenetrable mystery. The awful mystery of life is but equalled by the awful mystery of death. None have ever yet returned from that echoless shore and we must be content to remain in ignorance of the fate that placed us here. Sufficient it is to know that He who doeth all things well, will in His own time and in His own way reveal His purpose. Meanwhile monkeys will never make men.

## COMFORT FOR ALL.

An artist sat painting the sunset's fair hue, And said, "It is lovely, I have a fine view."

A lady sang sweetly to music's grand swell, And said, "Ah 'tis wonderful, break not the spell."

Two children plucked buttercups close by a stream, And happily sang o'er their childhood's sweet dream.

Two lovers strolled forth in the twilight's dim glow, And whispered their happiness, softly and low.

A mother sat crooning her babe to its rest, And clasped it in tenderness close to her breast.

The father comes home all his dear ones to greet, And bringeth them gently to kneel at his feet.

The rich and the lordly, the humble and low, Each in his own way doth some happiness know.

The aged and young, and the great and the small, In palace or hovel, there's Comfort for all.

## Death From Sunstroke

Is getting to be one of the prevailing calamities in this and other countries. We have lately discovered a sure preventive for this terrible affliction which we will send free postpaid, and all persons whose business or pleasure calls them out in the sunshine will do well to write at once to GIANT OXIE CO., Augusta, Me.

## A SUMMER NOVELTY.

We have secured a quantity of the nicest blue, satin, novelty fans imaginable. They fold small enough for the pocket and spread in an instant to a circumference of more than two feet. We shall present one of these fans to each person sending 25 cents for a six months' subscription to COMFORT. Send now and enjoy yourself during the hot months. Address,

MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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CUT THIS OUT and send with your name and express one addressed to us and we will send you free to examine and wear, a SOLID GOLD finished watch that you can sell for Ten Dollars. If it suits you, send us Four Dollars and express charges; if not, return it to us. Mention whether 'Ladies' or 'Gents' in order. W. S. SIMPSON, 37 College Place, N. Y.

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A Child's Love for a Doll. HAS OFTEN BEEN COMMENTED ON.—READ ABOUT THE NEW STYLE DOLLS.



Modern invention is always making startling improvements and the latest thing just brought out is for the young people who live away from the large cities. We have just secured sale of a new kind of dolls that are absolutely indestructible, and we show you in this cut how they look: they are 18 inches tall and made of elegant colored goods. In getting this doll up we have overcome the great trouble of weight which has made such a cost in the past when shipping by mail or express. These dolls are so constructed that you fill them with cotton, hair or sawdust, sewing them up after receiving; it takes but a few minutes to do this and you save at least one dollar and get a pretty substantial doll for almost nothing. They will last for years and be a joy forever to any miss who desires a handsome dollie as nice as her own sweet self. To introduce our goods Morse & Co. will send one doll for 13c. or 2 for 25c., or give one free with a 6 months' 25c. subscription, or for a club of 2 yearly 25c. subscribers will deliver one free.

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Sample case will be sent with your first order. One 16x20 PORTRAIT and FRAME FREE with your second order. AGENTS write at once and get the benefit of this offer. **TEN EYCK PORTRAIT CO., Chicago, Ill.**

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**WRITE THE COLOR OF EYES, HAIR AND COMPLEXION** on the back of a photograph or any small picture of any of your family, and it to us and we will upon receipt make for you FREE of charge, a beautiful PASTEL or SEPIA PORTRAIT showing the natural color of the eyes, hair and complexion. This picture is two-thirds life size, an artistic gem, and must not be confounded with the common black crayon, air brush or machine-made pictures which you often see advertised. This is not a scheme to swindle by forcing the purchase of a frame. You buy your frame where you please. What we wish to do is to introduce our Pastel and Sepia work and to accomplish this we give to the first person sending from any locality one of these beautiful pictures. We will give \$20 IN GOLD for the first five orders you send to us, after you have received your picture. Send photo at once. This offer holds good for 30 days only. We are entirely responsible, and refer to any Express Company in Chicago. **ARTIST PORTRAIT CO., 142 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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For the fourth correct answer.....	25	For the fourth to last correct answer.....	25
For the next ten correct answers, each	10	For the next ten from last, each.....	10
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The only condition is that 50c. be remitted with your answer for six months' subscription to any one of our four great publications—The American Fireside, The American Homestead, The American Household Journal, or The American City & Home. State which paper you desire, and write your full name and post-office address plainly. Everybody knows that we pay all prizes promptly. We were the first to offer valuable rewards for the solution of entertaining household puzzles, and our success has been phenomenal. We have paid out more than \$30,000 for prizes during the past year. Nearly everybody wins sooner or later. Address **AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Jersey City, N. J.**

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To everyone who likes to fish, either for sport, for the family, or for the market, we will send this Fisherman's Outfit free, postage paid, if he will get up, during July or August, a club of four subscribers for "Comfort" at 25 cents each per year, in advance. Those who don't care to give an hour or two for getting up a club, can have the outfit for fifty cents cash. Here it is, complete, nicely packed in a box.

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No. 3. One Linen Bass or Salmon Line. Larger, for big, gamey fish, like salmon or black bass. This line will land the biggest fish caught with bait and sinker, or trolling from boat.

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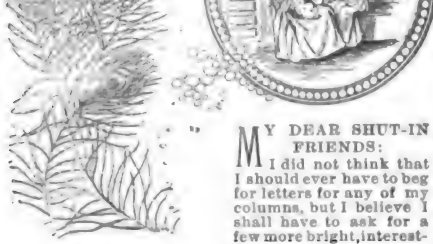
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No. 10. Two Snel Hooks and Cut. These hooks are set on long gut, cut whole of the line, one of these snell hooks can be safely used, the gut cannot be severed, and lands the fish every time.

The artificial flies and snells alone are worth the amount asked for the entire outfit. Address **MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.**



# SUNSHINE AND SYMPATHY FOR THE SHUT-INS.



## MY DEAR SHUT-IN FRIENDS:

I did not think that I should ever have to beg for letters for any of my columns, but I believe I shall have to ask for a few more bright, interesting, sympathetic letters, too, like to read. Let those who are blessed with good health contribute to this good work. We do not want this column to be given up to tales of woe and requests for help, but that it should be what its name implies—a Sunshine Corner. It may be a comfort to people to tell their trouble, and this corner is expressly for that purpose, in a way. But no one wants to be wholly selfish, and it is so much better to write a letter which will cheer some other suffering soul, than to only complain of one's own hard lot, and it will bring more happiness to the writer than to dwell on personal afflictions. "In comforting others, thou shalt be comforted." I know it is hard, dear friends, to think of some one else when our own cup of sorrow seems full to overflowing; but we will surely be rewarded if we make the effort.

Dear Auntie:—Will you not invite all the cousins, the strong and active as well as the sick, to spend the afternoon here? Such a host of kind and interesting letters as I have received since the April issue of COMFORT, and nearly all the writers would be classed with Aunt Minerva's other band. No doubt many are wondering why their letters have not been answered, but just come here and peek into the desk where they have been stowed away, and the mystery will at once be solved. Let no one for a moment think they are not appreciated, for they have given me unusual pleasure. But Auntie, several letters received have both surprised and pained me, letters of such a reckless, frivolous nature that at first reading one almost feels disgust; then comes the thought: what must have been the education and the influences if young men find this pleasant? then disgust changes to pity. My young men cousins, I wish you might realize that it is worse than waste of time to make our relationship through this dear little paper an excuse for writing the silliest of love letters. And just see what inconsistency in writing two or three pages of nothing but flattery, when claiming to see in one's face and words evidence of a pure, noble nature. I know that in many cases it is learned to consider such work fine sport, before comprehending that it gradually lowers one morally, just as many a bad habit is formed without seeing, until it is too late, all the little steps leading to it; but oh, I do wish each member of this great family to be candid and earnest, ever striving to climb higher in all that is good and true. Truly virtuous women have no longing to be called merely "pretty," but there is a desire to acquire that noble beauty which sincere, unselfish living brings. Faces decidedly not "pretty" but their beauty, the beauty that does not vanish as the cheek loses its bloom and the silver threads appear, but increases with each noble thought, word and deed, each effort to make sweeter, better life. Maria Johnson, you and I ought to celebrate together, my birthday is May 12.

MAUDE L. CLARK, Dushville, Mich.

How often I have had similar thoughts about frivolous, silly people—what must have been the influences which have surrounded them to produce such utterly unworthy views of life? We who have been differently educated and trained, can have only pity, and often contempt for their narrow horizon, which is incomprehensible to one who has seen beyond the great world of books and thinkers. "My mind to me a kingdom is" would be an empty saying to such people.

Dear Cousins:—May I step in among you again? I am afraid that some of you think me an impostor, for I told you that I would send specimens if you would send stamps, and many letters have been sent me that I did not receive. I have been asked to give a description of the cave near here. It is situated on the north side of Pine Mountain. The entrance is very small, and is surrounded by large boulders and trees; one enters it by means of a ladder or rope. At first one sees only a wall of impenetrable blackness; but as his eyes become accustomed to the light, he sees hanging from the roof what look like huge icicles. These are stalactites, and are formed by the lime-charged water dripping from the roof. There are about 25 large rooms in the cave. The floor is almost as smooth as glass, with pools of cold water here and there. In places the roof is hundreds of feet above one's head, and there are fearful glimpses of a dark gray ceiling rolling away like a cloud. There are no bats or rats, as in some caves; a profound silence reigns, broken only by the drip, drip of the water from the roof. I hope that Dr. Anthony's letter in April COMFORT has helped all the Shut-Ins as it has me. Dear friends, let us cling to life. Put on your spectacles and look around to find your chances, and seize them; and see if you cannot say with me, "I am heartily glad to be alive in this dear old world, as long as God sees fit to let me live. Many thanks to the dear friends for their kindness. I have many thanks laid up in Heaven for you all."

(Mr.) J. G. NOLEN, Box A, Jonesburgh, Ky.

Your account of the cave is very interesting. I should think it might almost be a rival to the famous Mammoth Cave. Have any of the cousins ever been there?

Dear Comrades:—When I wrote last, I was in the far north, in Wisconsin. Since Oct. 4th I have been in the Sunny South. Silver mining is the principal industry here; if it was not for the mines, this region would still be a wild, desert waste. There is but little vegetation of native growth, and for that matter, but little cultivated either. There have been a great many attempts at cattle raising, but most have failed for lack of native feed. The sheep-men do better. Houses here are mostly one story, and many of the best ones are of adobe. I am not able to take COMFORT at present; I am sorry, for I like its social features, as well as its pure character. I want to express my warm gratitude to the dear kind cousins who have written me and sent reading matter. Am sorry that I could not answer all. I enjoy reading the kind letters, and would like to get many more from others who feel like adding to the pleasure of many years a Shut-In. MARY WHITAKER-BARFELL, Lake Valley, New Mex.

How much pleasure we can give by a kind letter! Are not many of the cousins willing to do this little service in His Name?

"Please allow me space for a few words with my Shut-In friends who say reading the Bible and religious literature makes me sad, always thinking of death." I am a Shut-In, not able to walk a step, and I do not know how I could endure to live if it was not for the comfort and hope derived from the blessed Bible. I will give you my plan of reading, trusting it may be helpful. In the opening chapters of God's book, we read how death entered, and all the race became subject to the King of Terrors. Yet when this sentence was pronounced, a ray of hope was given in the promise that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. Turning its precious pages, we come next to the promise made to Abraham, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." In the slaying of the Passover lamb, and the laws and ceremonies given to Israel, we see shadowed forth the Lamb of God sacrificed for us. And all the prophets, speaking by inspiration, foretold the sufferings of Christ and the glory that would follow. Now we come to the New Testament history. We see

Jesus of Nazareth going about doing good, saying to His disciples, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." And we see Him on Calvary, laying down His life for us. Consider what this means. We have been redeemed. From what? From the sentence of death that passed upon us, away back in Eden. When our Saviour comes again, He will deliver from death all the race which He has redeemed. This means freedom from sickness, pain and death, freedom from sin. There is a land where the inhabitant shall not say, "I am sick." The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity. Is there no comfort in this thought? In reading the Bible, think not of death only, but look beyond the grave to Him who is the resurrection and the life, and trust Him to deliver in due time.

MARY E. PENNOCK, Virgin, Ohio.

## COMFORT BIRTHDAY LIST.

Mary Whitaker-Barfell, Lake Valley, New Mex., Sept. 13.  
Daniel B. Robinson, Quarea, Erie Co., Penn., July 22.

Mrs. E. Jones, Alexander City, Talla. Co., Ala., Oct. 4.

"I wish to thank those who have sent me reading matter. My address has been changed, and is now Mrs. ANGIE CART, Evona, Gentry Co., Mo."

"Will King's Daughter who sent 'widow's mite' to Miss Smith for S. E. B., also A. Comfort Reader, and those who sent pieces for patch work, please accept the grateful thanks of both S. E. B. and the invalid cousin."

Dear Shut-In friends:—I have long been a sufferer and can truly sympathize with you. I am a young girl, and my ill health has deprived me of an education. Dear friends, put your trust in Jesus. He loves you, and will never leave you nor forsake you. We think it is hard to suffer so much and enjoy so little, but if we understand, we should never get impatient. Think of the everlasting joy and happiness we shall know when this short life is over. Let us pray without ceasing that God may help us to be patient and to bear our suffering without a murmur.

The voice of Jesus came to me,  
Come, heavy laden one, and rest;  
Come, lean thy head upon my breast.  
No voice so kind, no words so sweet;  
They woo my heart, my passions still,  
The Lord doth lead we where He will.

ARDEVELLE.

"I have just been trying to think how I can help the Shut-Ins, and those who have not much money to spare out of a slender income. I will tell them a way of earning money. I make designs for wall-paper, oil-cloth and calico. I learned to do it by correspondence, and have never left my home; and I can say that it is an open and lucrative field for women who have spare time. It pays better than anything else that they can do, and is light work; any invalid who is able to sit up and use hand and brain can do it. I wish some of our semi-invalids could learn this; it would help them pass the dreary hours, besides paying them well. Any one wishing further particulars can write me with stamp. Mrs. M. SUE COMBACK, Dunna, Mercer Co., Va."

The following persons will send reading if postage is sent:

Miss Pansy Thorne, Edwardsville, Ga.  
A. J. Gray, Box 764, Muncie, Ind.  
Howard Hardison, West Franklin, Maine.  
Frank Short, Nelson, Mich. (Sunday-school papers)  
John D. Schwieger, Lewistown, Wisc.  
Roy W. Lyman, West Wardsboro, Vt.  
Mrs. Rita Cates, Marysville, Tex.

Names of those wishing help, reading matter, etc.:  
Mr. B. C. Knight, Enfield, Halifax Co., N. C.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Mackney, Crocker, Pulaski Co., Mo.  
Kettle Esler, Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y.  
Mrs. Jennie Jacobs, Box 146, West Bend, Iowa.  
Mae E. Fishburn, El Paso, Ill.  
Mrs. May, Box 7, Cinnaminson, N. J.  
E. C. Welborn, Easley, S. C.

With kindest wishes to all.

AUNT MINERVA, (Care of COMFORT.)

## An Encounter With a Panther.

The Punah correspondent of the "Times of India" of Bombay, describes an exciting adventure with a wounded panther. Looking in the direction from which a noise proceeded, he observed a large panther moving slowly along in the grass. He levelled his rifle and fired. The panther fell and dragged himself a few yards, and lay there groaning. Going close up to the spot to see what effect his shot had had, the hunter saw that the panther had been very badly hit in the stomach. He made sure that the animal was dying, but suddenly the wounded panther jumped up, charged the hunter and sprang upon him. Again the hunter aimed a second shot at his head, but in the excitement of the moment he missed his mark; the bullet struck the panther in the hind leg, shattering the bone. To save his throat, the hunter put up his left arm, which the panther seized, and man and brute rolled over. The panther mauled the hunter's left arm very badly. Fortunately, he had a plucky native hunter with him. The latter struck his spear into the panther's throat and pinned him to the ground. This gave the hunter the opportunity of regaining his feet, and, having got up, he seized his rifle and soon despatched the animal with a third bullet. Then, having bound up his wounds, he mounted his pony and rode back fourteen miles into Wootmal, where he was fortunate enough to find medical assistance.

## A Ready Excuse.

A rich gentleman purchased a parrot of a bird-fancier in a rather low quarter of London. The man warranted the bird to be a splendid talker; but though the gentleman kept it for a month, it never made any sound approaching the semblance of a word. The gentleman called on the bird-fancier and asked him how he accounted for it. "Well, sir," said that worthy, "you see, that there bird was brought up in my humble home, and I expect when it went to your house and saw all the beautiful surroundin's, it was struck dumb with surprise. I dare say it won't ever talk, now, sir; but in course that ain't my fault!"

## A Young Money Maker.

In these hard times, your readers of failures and misfortunes may like a change and be pleased to learn of a way that any industrious person can make money. I am plating and replating jewelry, watches, knives, forks, spoons, etc. I made \$17 last week and \$13 in 4 days of this week. I think this good for a boy. I bought my machine from H. F. Delmo & Co. of Columbus, Ohio, for \$5. Any one can get circulars by writing to them. If this passes the waste basket, I will write again.

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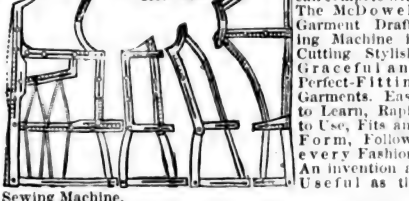
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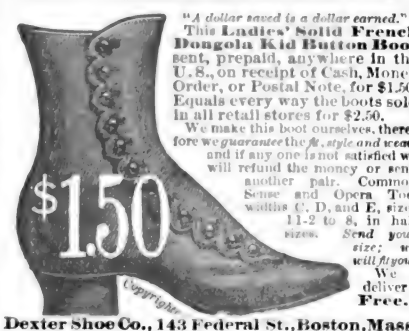
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### MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Did somebody make a remark about Fourth of July? I suppose all the boys are laying in stocks of torpedoes, and fire-crackers, and rockets, and getting ready to blow themselves up and burn the town when that great and glorious day arrives. Did you ever stop to think what a funny way that is of having a good time, just making a big noise? But it is the way that people have always chosen to celebrate our national independence, and I presume they will keep right on to the end of the chapter. We must be patriotic at any cost. So if any of you want to come around and blow a tin horn and let off a bunch of crackers under Auntie's window on the morning of the 4th, you have her full permission!

"Would you like to have me for your little niece? I am 10 years old. I belong to the Church of Christ, and am trying to be a Christian. I ought to be a good girl, for my papa is a minister. I live within 10 miles of the Indian Territory. There were found in the territory the bones of a mastodon; it was 15 feet high and 20 feet long, and one of its teeth was 12 inches across. Would not that be an awful creature to meet if alive? MERLIE S. HILL, Anthony, Kans."

I am glad to hear Merlie say that she is trying to be a Christian. Jesus loves the children, and wants them to love Him too; and it is easier to learn to love and obey Him now than when you get to be men and women. How many of the young folks know what a mastodon is, and how long ago such animals were alive upon the earth?



SEE SAW.

See saw, see saw.  
SEE the sight that Dorothy SAW!  
When Johnny went up,  
Then Polly came down,  
Her funny old sunbonnet perched on her crown.  
When Johnny came down,  
Then Polly arose,  
'Till the hollyhocks tickled the tips of her toes.

"I will tell you a little about the country where I live. The city is built on the banks of the Missouri river, and is named from the large falls, which are down the river from the town. It is only 5 years old, and has a population of at least 10,000. It has many fine buildings, mills, smelting works, and other industries. There is a beautiful spring called the Giant Spring, out of which flows half as much water as the Missouri river. There are the San Coulee coal mines which turn out from 1,500 to 2,000 tons every day. East from us are the Highwood Mts., on the south-east the Belt Mts., in which are the richest mines in this part of Montana, and on the west the great range of the Rocky Mts. ROSIE MAUD NELSON, Great Falls, Montana."

I often wonder how many twins there are among my little folks, and every now and then I hear of a pair. Here are little brother and sister.

"We live on a farm, and have a mile to walk to school. We are twins, and are 7 years old. We have 2 colts and a dog and cat and 2 bantam chickens. When the snow is not too deep, we can slide down hill. IVY and IVAN LEYDEN, Andes, N. Y."

"I am a little wolverine, 12 years old. I love to go to school, and took the prize in spelling one term. I have a very mischievous little puppy; he will shake hands and jump over a stick. His name is Nero. Nero was a bad man, and my puppy is a bad puppy, because he chews up everything he can get. He is so fat that he is nearly square. I have a cat that is nearly as large; his name is Eugene. Eugene killed men, and my cat kills mice. I wonder if any of our band are interested in geology? I have got more. Last term of school two Indian children came, and they made me lots of little baskets. They are very curious. Yesterday I was over to grandma's, and she gave me a nice white quartz specimen. It was dusty, being old, and I got a basin of soap and water and went to washing it with mamma's tooth-brush. I just got it nearly clean when mamma bore down upon me and took it (the tooth-brush) away. Too bad, but my specimen is nice, though. Do you think I am a 'botherer'? Mamma said I was, because she made some pretty cookies and put a big raisin on the top of each one, and I picked them off and ate them. Please let me hear from some of the other 'bothers.' ADDIE G. MARSAC, Horton's Bay, Mich."

I do not think I should have minded so much about the cookies, but if I had found you cleaning specimens with my tooth-brush, I fear that I should have "borne down" on you with even more emphasis than your mamma did! I would like to hear, through the column, from all the young folks who are collecting in any line. Tell us about your collections, the most curious specimens, etc.; or if you are interested in stamps or post-marks, compare notes with each other, and often you may be able to make some exchanges by writing. I wonder who has been able to get the largest list of post-marks? those are a very interesting study to me, and perhaps I can help some of you to get some special one that you want.

"We live in the northwestern part of Minn., about 35 miles from Lake Itasca, the head waters of the Mississippi. My father came here 11 years ago; this was a thinly settled country then, the Indians roamed over the prairies digging snake-root, hunting and fishing. They are more civilized now, and work like white men; we had 8 or 10 to help thrash last fall. We raise wheat and oats here mostly. I go to school in the summer. WM. A. CARTER, Park Rapids, Minn."

Dear Aunt Minerva:—I am a little girl 12 years old. We live in a small village called Cedar Grove. It is a very small place. My papa has a furniture store. I walk a mile to school. I go every day and am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Anna

Adams. We had an exhibition in our school 2 weeks ago; it was so crowded that half of the folks couldn't get in. I had to speak the first piece, had to sing once and spoke in 2 dialogues. My brother George takes COMFORT and I enjoy reading it very much. I like the Young Folks Department best. My brother Willie got up a club of 6 for COMFORT last summer, and got a hammock for a premium. My little sisters, Louisa and Phoebe, my friends and myself, had a lot of fun playing in it last summer. Oh, Auntie don't you wish that you could have had a swing in it? ROSA E. GANTVOORT, Box 98, Cedar Grove, Wis."

Do you suppose that the hammock would have held Auntie, and Louisa, and Phoebe, and yourself, to say nothing of the rest of your friends? I don't believe that even a COMFORT hammock could stand that pressure.

"My name is Bess, but I am hardly ever called that, for Papa calls me his little ranchero, Madcap, or Mischief; mamma calls me Bee, and Ned (my brother) calls me Miss Freckle. He is always teasing me about my freckles. You know what you said about freckles on the children's noses, Aunt? Well, when Ned was reading in COMFORT the morning it came, he glanced up at me with, 'Humph, I guess Aunt Minerva would have to use about half a dozen lemons on your nose, to take the freckles off!' My papa is a farmer, and we have a good many horses. I have broken two three-year-olds to the saddle, and have them tame enough for any one to ride. I love horses, and have one of my own, a cream-colored one which I call Colonel. I am 13 years old, and mamma says I shall soon have to begin to wear long dresses. Oh, how girls about that age hate even the words 'long dresses!' But mamma says I won't hate them after I wear them a year or so, and I will try to live through it. Often and often I wish I were a boy, but Ned says I only succeed in being a tom-boy. Ned is always teasing me and saying things which he thinks will make me angry; but I'm most always get even with him, so I won't complain. He and I are just learning to make cake. We made our first yesterday. Mine was quite good, but his, well, we were afraid to give it to Carlo, for fear he would sink in trying to cross the river near our house. But Ned is very persevering, and tried again to-day, with better success. BESS."

"It has been a long time since I wrote to COMFORT. I have had several letters in answer to my last one, all of which I have answered. Little Claude wrote me asking about Mormonism. Maybe I preached to him too much, I have not heard from him since. I will try to explain what our Primary meetings are. They are of a religious nature, and the members are under 14 years. We have a program prepared at the previous meeting; each takes a part in his or her turn, singing or reciting. Our president and her councillors often tell us how kind and obedient we ought to be to our parents, and that we ought to be prayerful, etc. We have had more snow here in Utah than for a number of years, which pleases the farmers, as they have to depend on the snow for water to irrigate their fields of grain. I have been trying to earn my own living since I wrote last, but I did not make much of a success. I found that there was no place like home. I was so anxious to come home that I walked about 30 miles to reach it, carrying my clothing and a pair of yellow rabbits which were given to me. There is an Indian camp above our village, beside the creek that furnishes us water to drink. We hope that they will not stay long, as we do not relish our drinking water. DOUGLAS RODEBACK, Cedar Valley, Utah."

I hope you did not preach Mormonism to little Claude; if you did, I do not wonder that he was scared. The history of the Mormon church ought to be enough to scare anybody away from it.

Dear Auntie:—I am a little girl 5 years old. We have 5 cats, and one of them is mine; her name is Boots. I also have a little red hen named Goldenrod. She and Boots will play hide-and-seek together, Boots will hide behind something, and the chicken will go and find her, and then she will jump out at her. ETHEL MANHALL, Willow City, N. D.

That was a very nice little letter, Ethel; I hope you will write again.



A FISH STORY.

"One time," said Tommy, aged ten, "I caught a big trout. It weighed so much my father had to come and pull it out."  
"That's nothin' 't all," said Cousin Fred, "one day I caught a crab. And pulled him out all by myself; you oughter seen him grab!"  
He took the bait right in his claws and never once let go.  
"Till papa said he guessed he'd have to amperatate my toe."

Dear Aunt Minerva:—Would you accept a little niece from southwestern Nebraska? This part of the country was visited by a drouth, and consequently there were not much crops raised. Stock have to depend on buffalo grass for feed. For the benefit of my Eastern cousins, I will describe this grass. It is a wild grass that grows during the months of May and June, about 3 inches high, cures on the ground, and will stand until the next summer if not grazed off. I am 13 years old, and live on a farm. My papa is post-master at Cornell, and I get lots of papers but I like COMFORT best of all. We have a kind of little owls here that live in prairie-dog towns. I would like to have some of the cousins write to me. ANGE D. UNDERHILL, Cornell, Nebr.

I think I see the Editor getting ready to say "you have talked enough this time;" so I will say goodbye. AUNT MINERVA, (Care of COMFORT.)

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Cousin Hebe's Reflections.

PROBABLY selfishness reaches its height when an old man who has married a young wife does all that he can in his will to prevent her from marrying again. An extraordinary instance of the unreasonable which such testators sometimes display was related in an article on "Whimsical Wills" in "The Globe" the other evening. An old country squire, who had married a pretty girl some forty years younger than himself, left her by his will an annual income of \$1,000. On remarriage the young and attractive widow was to lose one-fifth of this income. So far, the old testator had done what very many husbands bequeathing annuities to their wives do; but here comes the direction in which he showed himself to be superior to ordinary men. When his wife remarried, not only was she to lose part of her income—she was to run the gauntlet of his petty revenge. On the birth of her first child of her second marriage, she was to lose another fifth of her income, and every additional child was to involve the loss of \$100 a year.

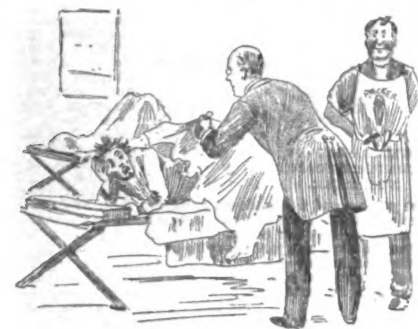
To a large extent the law already recognizes the undesirability of conditions in restraint of marriage; in certain instances they are void. In a case tried many years ago a testator gave his daughter a legacy, payable on her marriage or twenty-first birthday, but upon condition that she should not marry a man with less than \$500 a year. It was held that the condition was void, the decision being based on what is known to lawyers as public policy. But the law has not arrived at any stage of consistency in this matter; for



conditions imposed by testators on legatees that they should not marry certain persons, whose names are given, or natives of a particular country, or members of a specified religious sect, or domestic servants, have been upheld by the courts.

A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady, the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would never do to tell her so, so his medical advice ran thus: "Arise at five o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour, and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at eight." Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed. The patient dashed up to the doctor's office, and on his appearing on the scene she gasped out: "Oh, doctor, I took the chocolate first." "Then drive home as fast as you can," ejaculated the astute disciple of Esculap, rapidly writing a prescription: "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath." The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.

In an isolated hospital ward, were two patients, one a very nervous and timid fellow, the other a



very sick man. The very sick man died, and the timid fellow lay, trembling with fear, in a bed near by him. To relieve the timid patient of his unattractive companion, a hospital orderly was told to remove the corpse to the dead-house. The orderly proceeded to obey with alacrity, and, on entering the room, found the two men, one (the corpse) lying on his side, knees drawn up, apparently asleep; the other (the timid chap) stretched out stiffly, with the sheet pulled up over his face. Naturally supposing the one with the sheet spread over him to be the corpse, he proceeded to remove him. The patient, quaking all over with fear, groaned: "Oh, don't—don't take me; I'm not dead." Whereupon, the orderly, in disgust, blurted out: "What's the matter with you? Do you think you know more than the doctors do?"

### TO CLUB GETTERS.

We call special attention to premium offers in this month's number and trust special effort will be made to obtain new subscribers, for we know with the Holiday Edition to show your friends with its many interesting features it will be much easier to obtain subscribers than ever before. The Dress Chart, Hammock, Fisherman's Outfit, Remnants, Photo Outfit and other offers are all worthy of your acceptance.

## THE MYSTIC CASTLE.

We trust our readers will pardon our Editor for brief space devoted to the Mysteries this month only having space for solutions now.

Welcome to Nimbus, So So and all recent recruits. Hope to hear from you every month. Send both puzzles and solutions.

Every puzzler interested in the "square" should contribute an original one for the "square issue" which will appear in the September number of COMFORT. The best ones will be published and also a prize will be awarded to the best short article (not to exceed two hundred words) concerning the "square." All contributions in this competition should be marked "for the square issue" and must be received before August 1, 1922. The result of the "Gold Medal Tournament," which has aroused much enthusiasm among our solvers, resulting in many complete lists of solutions monthly, will be announced in the "square issue."

Fred Daily and John Miles:—The puzzles are not intricate enough. Try again.

Since my last journey, puzzles have been received and accepted from, Lomax, Nimbus, 4; Mad, U. Teile, So So, S. Payne, Roland, Tordre, Nuisance and G. Whizz, 3; A. Penanink, Harry Norman and H. A. Watha, 2; Aspiro, J. C. M., Waldemar, Maineac, Jupiter and Nosenb Benson, one each.

The solvers to April "Mystic Castle" are as follows: Completes:—Ed Ward, Doc, Arty Fishel, N. Igma, Nimbus, Hercules, Ypsie and Eglantine, 11 each. Incompletes:—P. A. Stime, Chance, W. E. Wiatt and Sphinx, 16; Bob, 9 1-2; Waldemar, Tyro, U. Teile and Tordre, 9; Frank, Minnie, A. B. Is, Ben Net, Roland, H. A. Watha and M. H. Dick, 8; Misses Josie and Daisy Bourjal, 7; C. E. Bechtel, 6; A. Penanink, 6; Pat Riot, S. Payne and Nosenb Benson, 4; G. Whizz, 2; Fanny, L. F. Courtney, Eugene, Junius and E. Lucy Date, one each.

Prize-winners:—1. Ed Ward. 2. Doc. 3. Roland. 4. Frank.

N. Igma:—Copy of your department received. It presents a very neat and attractive appearance. Success to it! Many thanks for fine list of solutions. Address all communications concerning "The Mystic Castle," to Oldcastle, Comfort, Utica, N. Y., signing right name and address as well as nom de plume to all correspondence.

Your dear old Mystic Friend, OLDCASTLE.

SOLUTIONS TO APRIL'S MYSTERIES.

No. 282. "Be fit to live that ye may be fit to die." No. 288. No. 294. Itself.

PSEUDODOX No. 295. Flag-ell-ate. SERRATED No. 296. DIFFERENTIATION URA XUS DIFFECTIONS DATUM GEMTORIES OTIS TUTTLES DEC RIE OX L

No. 297. Tavern-keeper. No. 298. No. 299. PRIMER PARSER RANULA ALIENE IN ST LORIMER MUTINE SEAPAD ELANUS ENLACE RAREST REDDEN

No. 300. No. 301. CALTRAP AMBLER ADORAMA BRENTS LORIMER LINTICE TRIGONS ENTICE REMOVAL RESEBEL AMENAGE PARSLEY

No. 302. P SIR MOREL SONATAS PIRATICAL LACED SAD L

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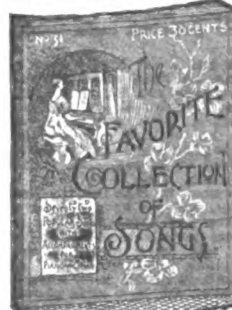
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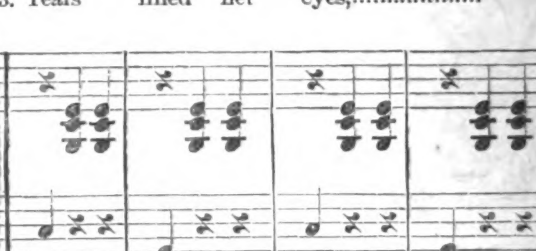
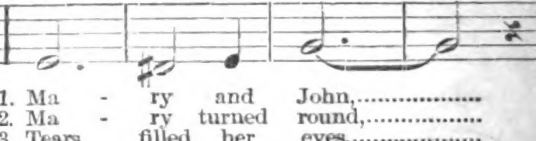
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CONTENTS. A Year Ago, Across the Sea, [Roses, All Among the Summer As I'd Nothing Else to Do, Aschelor's Hall, [Do, Blue Eyes, [Tree, Come to the Sunset, Comrades, Douglas, Tender and Down Below the Waves, [Lindens, Down by the Old Mill Stream, [Tain, Down Went the Cap, Dream Faces, [True, Dreaming of Home, Faded Leaves, Five O'clock in the Morning, Forget Me Not, Gallant Jamie Went a-Striding, [Woo-ing, Good Night, [Woo-ing, Happy Summer, "Somebody," Song of the Hop Pickers, Speak Gently, Speak to Me, Strangers Yet, That is Love, That Traitor, Love! The Cooking of the Dove, The Dear Old Songs of Home, The Dustman, The Elopement, The Farmer & the Pigeon, The Hour of Rest, The Little Fish or Maiden, The Old Barn Gate, The Old Cottage Clock, The Old Garden Gate, The Passing Bell, The Postillion, There's a Silver Lining to Every Cloud, Think of Me, Nevermore, Why, Robin, Wst! Wst! Wst!



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# A WESTERN ELAINE.

## The Story of a Girl's Broken Heart.

BY CLAY M. GREENE.

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### CHAPTER I.

"What yer readin', Mister?" I looked up from my book and glared at the intruder, but the momentary expression of displeasure was soon softened into one of interest. For the person who had interrupted my solitary hour with Tennyson, commended himself to me at once, as being one of those strange specimens of humanity, who, to the student of human nature might become an interesting subject of analysis. Almost everyone imagines himself to be a reader of faces, and I am no exception.

He was not altogether a stranger to me, for I had seen him but a few moments before paddling on the river at the foot of the bluff on the edge of which I sat. But when the strange craft that carried him—a primitive dug-out, fashioned from the trunk of a pine tree—had glided into the shadows of the stunted cypresses that lined the river's edge, both the boat and its solitary occupant passed out of my mind. Now a new interest was awakened, and for a moment I studied him closely, without replying to his abrupt, if not impertinent query.

He was a man of apparently forty-five years of age; his figure tall and erect, and a mass of iron gray hair fell from under his sombrero in a tangled mass about his shoulders. His face was almost hidden by a bushy growth of beard, and his piercing eyes, gray and sad, seemed to reflect a heart that had borne its weight of care. His dress was totally different from that of the men I had noticed about Monterey, for he was dressed in soiled buckskin from head to foot, and I became impressed with the idea that I had at last met with one of those strange ideals of the sensational western novelist.

As I drew this momentary mental photograph of him, he repeated the question that had first broken my reverie:

"What yer readin'?"

"Tennyson."

"Wot's that?"

"Tennyson is the poet laureate of England, and one of the most graceful writers of the day. The story I am reading is that of Elaine, a strange sad tale of disappointed love."

"Tell us about it, wot yer, Mister?"



THE OLD MAN ROSE TO A SITTING POSTURE.

In as few words as possible I recounted the touching experiences of this misguided heroine, from her first meeting with Lancelot to the place where, in the words of the poet:

—the dead,  
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood.

"My God!" I looked up in surprise. The sad white face had in a second undergone a startling metamorphosis. The cheeks were flushed, the cold gray eyes flashed with anger, and the lips quivered with excitement.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Mister, wher did Tennyson git that story?"

"I cannot say, but it is probably a child of his own fancy, a bit of poetic romance."

"No t'aint Mister, no t'aint! That ere story's as true as the blue o' them skies; true as the wind that's a sighin' above them pines now; true as the roar o' them breakers on the rocks at Cypress Point. Fur it happened right ther on the bend o' the river, whar yer see that old adobe; and the bells as that book says tolled fur her death wasn't rung in England, but over at the foot o' the hills thar, from the towers o' the Mission Church."

"You have awakened a strange interest in me, my friend; wot you sit down?"

He sat upon the fragrant cushion of pine needles beside me, and cast a long wistful, tearful glance at the book I held in my hand.

"What did you mean when you told me that story was true?" I asked.

"Jest what I said, Mister. Elaine was my gal Phoebe, Lancelot was a feller from Frisco named Roberts, and—what did you say the queen's name was?"

"Guinevere."

"Wall, she was a grand lady visiting at the Hotel Del Monte. And, Mister, the Lord of Astolat was me!"

"Do you mind telling me the story in your own way?"

There was no reply; for the stranger threw himself upon his face, his gaunt frame quivered with emotion, and sob after sob stirred the silence of the pines. I had bent forward in the hope that the touch of a friendly hand might staunch the flow of grief, when I heard the tramp of heavy feet, and a new comer appeared upon the scene, knelt beside the old man, and spoke to him eagerly in Spanish.

"Que Tienes, Capitan?"

The new comer was one of the few remaining types of the California Mission Indian. Rather short of stature, with a skin dark almost as that of a negro; a heavy growth of wiry, black hair straggled down his shoulders to the back and, to use a modern phrase, was "banged" low upon his forehead. He wore a pair of very ragged military trousers, with a flaring red shirt; and although the thermometer that afternoon must have registered 80 degrees Fahr., a heavy gray blanket was thrown about him. Receiving no reply to his earnest appeal, he leaned closer to the prostrate form of the "Capitan" and repeated it with even more emphasis than at first. The old man rose to a sitting posture, took hold of the Indian's wrist with a convulsive clasp, and spoke to him in his own tongue.

"Sancho, fel me ha dicho la historia de mi hija perdida!" (Sancho, he has told me the story of my lost daughter!)

"Como?" (How?) asked the Indian, astonished.

Then with bated breath, and a tremulous voice, the old man repeated to Sancho what I



THAT SHE IS NOW, IN HER OLD SEAT.

concluded must be a Spanish version of the same story I had told him. What a sight were those two faces as I eagerly listened to the recital in a tongue I could not understand! The old man's voice was tremulous and faltering, and he stopped now and then to brush away the hot tears from his bronzed cheek. Sancho, true to the instincts of his race, remained stolid and apparently indifferent; but from the depths of his piercing black eyes, there seemed to flash an expression of bitter hatred, and when he had heard all, he glared at the book in my hand as though it were some enemy he wished to destroy.

"You don't understand Spanish, Mister?"

On my negative reply, he continued:

"And he don't speak no English," pointing to the Indian. "But I wanted him to know, and now I'll tell yer the whole thing jest as it happened, and then you kin see it's the self-same story as is printed into that ere book. But hold on!" and he pointed to the distant hills.

"See that house on the hill yonder?"

"Yes."

"See where the settin' sun shinin' on the winders makes it look like a light?"

"Yes."

"Well that ere's my clock. I stand on this very spot every day jest at sunset, and that glitter warns me it's time to go home, to the old woman wot's waitin' fur me over yonder in the old adobe. So I'll have to quit yer now, but I'll tell yer the story to-morrow."

"I shall not be here then," I replied; "for urgent business will call me to the city. But I am deeply interested in the strange co-incidence you have mentioned, and should like to hear it through."

"Would yer mind comin' home with me then, and havin' a bite o' supper with me and the old woman?"

"I should desire it above all things."

"Come on then, and we've got to hurry or she'll be a worryin'."

With a nod to Sancho, he led the way toward the river. Not a word was spoken as we silently trod the circuitous trail down the cliff, and, arriving at the water's edge, the old man pointed to the boat, and I took my place in the bow. He seated himself amidships, and the Indian, with a dexterous movement, pushed the boat into the stream, took his place in the stern, and, paddle in hand, pointed her prow toward the bend in the river which the old man had spoken of. It was a weird, almost fantastic picture. The setting sun just disappearing behind the western sea, casting long shadows from the pines upon the placid surface of the water; the rudely constructed boat, with its three strangely contrasted occupants, gliding along noiselessly through the twilight.

The silence was almost painful; not even the dip of the paddle in the water, nor the ripples in our wake giving forth the faintest sound. The old man, his hands clasped about his knees, kept his eyes fastened upon the cliff we had just left, and his entire bearing was one of utter obliviousness to his surroundings. The silent steersman plied his paddle in a measured and mechanical way; while his face bore the same stolid, malignant expression I had noticed before.

Finding myself almost dropping into the belief that I must have fallen asleep among the pines on the cliff, and that this uncanny voyage in the mysterious dug-out must be some strange dream, I satisfied myself as to its reality by breaking the silence:

"My friend, you have not told me your name."

"Call me Thompson—that'll do."

"Have you lived in this neighborhood long?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"I'll tell yer by and by."

His replies to my interrogatories were given in a listless, indifferent manner, which obviously betokened a repugnance to conversation, for the time being, at least, so I permitted silence to reign again.

For the next twenty minutes we glided noiselessly through the gathering shadows, when the boat's prow was turned toward the shore and with a sigh of relief, and a pang of satisfaction, I became aware that we had reached the objective point of our journey. Sancho stepped into the shallow water and pushed the boat high up on the shore, and unbidden by my new friend Thompson, I rose from my position in the bow and stepped out upon the land. Sancho, quite indifferent to our presence, sat upon the boat, rested his chin in the palms of his hands, and looked out toward the setting sun. Thompson turned to me and spoke:

"We'll go in the house now, Mister, and I want to tell you this one thing. I wouldn't a brought yer hyer, only't you don't know Spanish and I'd be afraid we might get to talkin' about our trouble. That's somethin' I aint mentioned to the old woman sence it happened, 'cause I feel that the least suddint start'd break her old heart. I guess you'll haf ter tell me yer name, 'cause the old woman'll want to be introduced. For although we're poorer'n them crows over on the beach thar, she's got some o' them high-falutin' ideas she picked up among the proud old Mexicans afore Fremont took California."

"My name's Browning," I replied.

"Wall, Mister Browning, jest foller me."

I did so in silence. In a few moments we reached the summit of the little bluff on which the old adobe stood. Neatness reigned everywhere, and I breathed the balmy atmosphere of a thousand flowers. Lillies, roses, hollyhocks, heliotrope and mignonette grew all about me in luxurious abundance, and the white-washed walls of the old adobe were almost covered with a golden mass of nasturtium vines.

"Mister Browning, this ere little garden o' mine's my only care now, and I spend most all my time among them beds a beautifyin' on 'em, and a makin' on 'em jest as bright 'n pleasant as I kin fur her sake. For its beautiful things thet softens the solitude uv a lonely heart. And the only beautiful things I kin give to her now is them flowers, nursed inter life by me, and painted by the hand o' God. Thar she is now, in her old seat."

Looking toward the point indicated by the

wave of his hand, I beheld a dark-skinned, white-haired woman dressed in black. She had been seated upon a rustic bench in a small arbor, formed by an ingeniously interwoven mass of heliotrope bushes, but rose at our approach, and advanced to meet us. My introduction to her was brief, but evidently served its purpose, for with a stately bow, which one would hardly have expected from the wife of the uncouth Thompson, she pleasantly and quietly shook my hand.

"We will go in now, Mister," said Thompson, "supper is ready."

On entering the living room of the house, I was struck by the cleanliness and simplicity of my surroundings. Save for the rafters overhead, which seemed to have been discolored by the accumulated dust of years, everything was neatness itself. The newly white-washed walls, the well scoured floor, and the neat wooden furniture told their own story. My hostess was an excellent housewife. With a graceful movement of her right hand, and a bow that was almost regal, she motioned me to a seat at the table.

### CHAPTER II.

The meal was eaten almost in silence, and at its close my hostess bade me good night in Spanish, and left the room.

"She's a gittin' pretty old," explained Thompson, "and always goes to bed right after supper. She's asked me to tell yer this, so yer wot't think she aint been brought up right. And now I'll tell yer that story, and ez its a leetle cold to-night, we'd best sit close to the fire. Smoke?"

I took the pipe he offered me, and together we sat by the open fireplace, in the glare of its crackling logs of pine.

"I come to California in '49 'long with Fremont. When the war was over, and they declared peace we was all ordered home. But I'd met my first love by that time, and as she'd promised to marry me, and wanted me to stay, I got my discharge from the Colonel and settled down in Monterey. This sweetheart o' mine was a heap better'n wot I was, for her father was the Alcalde, and I only a sergeant in Fremont's regiment. But we soon fixed the matter up by havin' 'em call me 'Capitano' (which means Captain, you know) and that made things sound better, even if they wasn't."

"Wall, we was married by old Father Sebano, at the Mission Church, and I moved over here and went to ranchin'. We was happy enough in our young days, and our lives passed along jest as smooth and as calm as that river out yonder in the moonlight. But no matter how happy a couple may be, no matter how deep their love, I tell yer, Mister, there's one thing that's always a cloud in the happiest home, and that's the thought that you aint got no little ones for to comfort you when you've struck the shady side o' life."

"Fifteen years we lived under this cloud, and, at last, one Christmas mornin', when the birds was a singin' in the vines outside our door and the bells o' the Mission were pealin' out their welcome for the birthday o' Christ, our little one came to us. I took the little speck o' nature in my arms for the first time, an' kissed her little puckerin' lips, and baptized her with hot tears o' joy, namin' her 'Phoebe,' after my mother."

"Sixteen years went by then, so quick we couldn't count 'em. Sixteen years o' peace, and quiet, and happiness; sixteen years o' joy, and love, and contentment. Phoebe had grewed up to be what all the people in the valley said was the most beautiful human bein' they'd ever come across, and when she was confirmed the parish priest told me to be careful and watch her well, for such beauty as her'n was pretty sure to end in a flood o' tears. But I didn't dream o' such a thing, till they built the big hotel over in Monterey, and the crowds o' high toned people come down from the city. Everybody used to go over thar to see the dressin' and the sea bathin', and hear the music, and, o' course, Phoebe went too. She come home one night to us, with a look on her face I'd never seen thar before. Her little lips seemed drawn kinder into an expression o' pain, and thar was a sorter far off, sad look inter her eyes. We asked her wot was the matter, o' course, and after thinkin' a moment, and a twirling of her little fingers, she sat down on my knee and told me she was in love."

"Why, Mister Browning, if thet ere roof was ter fall right down on us this minit, I couldn't be more surprised then I was then, wen our little gal told us she'd given her heart, what we'd all along thought would be our'n forever, to someone else."

"But we didn't chide her, 'cause we'd neither uv us spoke one cross word to her sence that Christmas mornin' when she come to us. I didn't go to bed till late that night; not ontill my wife come to me, as I was walkin' the floor, and said she thought it wouldn't amount to anythin' no how. The gal was only a child, and the first infatuation seldom, if ever, lasts."

"I couldn't sleep though, and tossed about all night and studied the stars a peepin' through my winder, waitin' fur the day to come till I could see her and find out the whole truth."

"Wall, that truth come almost with the first streaks o' dawn, fur when I got up she was a sittin' thar on the door-step. I found that she was no longer a child—that her first infatuation was one o' the kind as creep inter a woman's heart to stay thar forever."



SHE SAT DOWN ON MY KNEE AND TOLD ME SHE WAS IN LOVE.

"She told me the man's name—Harry Roberts it was—and she said she'd been a meetin' him 'most every day for a week. He'd come up to her as she was settin' alone on the beach, and introduced himself, and that's how they become acquainted. I didn't say nothin' to nobody as to wot I intended to do, but as soon as we'd ett breakfast, I hitched up and went over to the Hotel to see the man whose handsome face and pretty words had brought the first cloud to our

fireside. And he was jest the kind uv a man, Mister Browning, thet might uv the heart uv any woman, for I tell yer, even with that great big load on my heart, he 'most won me. He was sorry, he said, that what he called 'a chance flirtation' should a been took so serious, and if thar was anything he could do to make Phoebe tear him out uv her heart, he'd act at once. I thanked him, and when I said good-bye, thar was a kind o' honest grasp in his hand wot told me he meant to do the right thing by my little 'un."

"I got acquainted with some people, and they told me this man Roberts had got hisself talked about, on account of bein' too intimate with a married lady from Frisco named Clavering. I told this to Phoebe that night, but she received it ez calm and indifferent like ez if I'd told her some bit o' everyday news; for she didn't believe a word uv it. With her, to love was to trust, and she trusted him with all her heart. Roberts didn't come over that day as he promised, nor the next, nor the next. And pretty soon we heard thar was to be a picnic party over on the bluff, wher we met this evenin'."

"For the first time in her life, our little gal deceived us. She told us she was goin' down to the river to read; but it wasn't long afore we saw her in the boat out in the stream, with Sancho a paddlin' uv her over to the Point. It was two hours afore she come back, and when she did, her eyes had a wild look in 'em, and her face was pale ez death. She threw herself on the sofa thar, and cried ez ef her heart would break. Me and the old woman done our best to comfort her, but it warn't no use, and between her sobs she told us that what I'd heard about the man she loved was true. She'd been over to the Point, and crept up to 'em unbeknownst, and seen Roberts and Mrs. Clavering together. She heard him speak words o' love to her, heard him say that ez he could never marry her, he never would any one else."

"The little one was sick arter that with brain fever, for 'most two weeks, and all the time thar was but one word she spoke, in her ravings or out uv them: 'Harry! Harry! Harry!' The doctor told us that unless somethin' was done to drive this man out uv her mind, she'd waste away and die; so I went to the Hotel again."

"Roberts was glad to see me, and said the reason he hadn't come over to the house was that he s'posed his indifference might cause Phoebe to fergit him. He promised to do somethin' that day to end it all, and he come over in the evenin'. I don't jest know what he said to her, for they was together in the sick room fur a long time, and I was a waitin' here to have him tell me the result. He come out by and by with a worried look on his handsome face."

"Mr. Thompson," he said, "I'd give my right hand if I could recall the fust thoughtless words I spoke to that little girl. But it's too late now—I can do nothing. Good-bye!"

"And without sayin' another word, he passed from the room and out into the night."

"Phoebe grewed wus, and wus, and wus, from that moment, and for five or six days was clean out uv her mind. At the end of that time we heard her callin' o' us in the same sweet voice we'd been used to afore she was took down with the fever."

"Come to me, Mother and Father," she said, "I want to hold yer hands in mine, for it'll be the last time I'll ever do it this side o' the grave. I'm goin' ter die—the blow is too hard—more'n I can bear, more'n I can bear!"

"We both tried to cheer her by speakin' words uv hope, but we done it with heavy hearts, Mr. Browning, fur we seen that the hand o' death was on her even then, that the Dark Angel was a beckoning to her from the other side."

"Father, I want yer to promise me somethin' afore I leave yer; will yer?"

"Anythin' you say, Phoebe," I answered.

"Well, then," she went on, "when I'm gone I want you to dress me in the gownd I wore when I fust met him—the white one, I mean—and I want yer to place a bunch o' flowers in my hand, and with 'em this note to Harry." And she took a bit o' folded paper from under her pillow. "When you've done this, put me in the boat, take me over to the Point—it was thar I fust saw him, you know—and bury me ther. I want him to come, and he will if you ask him—'cause I feel as ef I could rest easier in my lonely grave knowin' he was near, and saw me covered up. Good-bye, Father—Mother darling, good-bye—kiss me, both of you."

"She put out her little thin arms and drewed us both down and kissed us. And afore I took my cheek from hers I felt the shudder passin' through her little frame thet told me all was over, that our darling was dead, and all the sunshine and brightness and joy had went out uv our lives to the end o' time."

The old man buried his face in his hands, and sobbed bitterly. I did not speak, for I knew too well that his was a grief for which there is no solace, a burden that must be borne alone. After a few moments he resumed:

"The next day we done jest as she asked us to, dressed her in the white gownd, put the flowers in her hand, and with 'em the note to Roberts. The parish priest objected to havin' her buried anywhere but in consecrated ground; but ez it was her wish, I insisted and bimeby he gave in. We sent word to Roberts and a few friends we had, and told them wher we was goin' ter lay our little one away."

"We put her tenderly in the boat and Sancho took his place in the stern. I didn't go—I couldn't. For I felt that I hadn't strength enough to see her laid away in the ground, and then, too, I felt that my place was with the poor childless, heartbroken mother at home. The boat pushed off from the shore and out into the stream, and then, jest like the lines in thet thar book:

—the dead,  
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

"Only with this one difference, that Sancho aint dumb. They buried her over ther under the pines, and our friends said that the saddest of all the mourners gathered ther was Harry Roberts. If you'll go to the Point to-morrow and walk from the place wher I met you this evenin', in a straight line towards Cypress Point, you'll come to a little block o' marble—he put it ther—with but one word on it, 'Phoebe.' That's all, Mr. Browning, that's all. Sancho has hitched up the team, and'll take yer home, but afore yer go I've got a big favor to ask uv yer. I want yer ter give me that—that little book."

I placed my "Tennyson" in his hand, looked pitiyly upon his tear-stained cheeks, and, with one of those sudden impulses which emanate from souls that are truly human; one of those bursts of sympathy which can only spring from the hearts of those who know, we embraced each other.

Then taking his hands in mine, I pressed them again and again, and with a fervent "God bless you!—good-bye!" passed from that silent house of mourning forever.

Slam Her In.—The story is told of a country editor who had met with an accident. When he recovered consciousness his rival was present and yelled in his ear: "I'm very sorry for you sir."

"You are, eh; what for?"

"They say you've broken your spinal column." "Confound that boy! He's dropped the form again. Fill it with slugs and slam her in!"—American Grocer.



# AUSTRALIA THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE



Twenty-five kingdoms the size of Great Britain and Ireland could be carved out of Australia, and yet how little is known of this wonderful land of the Southern Pacific. It has been aptly termed "the land of opposites," for the reasons, among others, that on the southern hemisphere the Fourth of July comes in mid-winter, and Christmas in

mid-summer; that a rising barometer indicates rain, and a falling barometer fair weather; that swans are black and eagles white, and that trees shed their bark instead of leaves.

Australia is not only the largest island in the world, but covers an area almost equal to that of the United States. It is divided into six colonies, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Western Australia, and Tasmania. Compared with America, its surface is marked by few mountains, rivers, and lakes, the central portion consisting of a vast dry plain, which is barren except in the rainy season. Its climate ranges from tropical in the north to temperate in the south, and the population is between three and four million, or about one twentieth that of the United States. Of this number a small portion are native blacks or aborigines, a race which is rapidly becoming extinct.

Of the leading cities, Sydney in New South Wales, justly boasts of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, formed in part by the Parramatta River, where in times past have occurred the famous rowing contests of the world's champions, including Haulan, the pride of America. This city, the Town Hall which is shown in our illustration, is of the size of Boston, Mass., while Melbourne, the metropolis of Victoria, also has a population of nearly half a million. The latter is called by many the "American city" of the colonies, owing to the fact that the gold fever of 1851 attracted many prospectors from "the States," who identified themselves with its growth and business interests. Its wide streets run at right angles with each other, while those of Sydney resemble the crooked, winding thoroughfares of Boston or London.

By many people Australia is regarded as a wilderness inhabited by savages, much as is America by foreigners whose only ideas of it are obtained by the inaccurate descriptions published by their own press, but the visitor finds every evidence of the fact that it occupies a foremost place among the most progressive and enlightened nations. On every hand public libraries, art galleries, and botanical gardens prove the culture and refinement of its inhabitants. And as for newspapers—that index of the standard of intelligence of a people—the press of Australia rivals that of other countries, and no paper, for instance, in the city of Baltimore, Md., can boast of as large a circulation as those enjoyed by the Sydney and Melbourne dailies.

Although discovered by a Spaniard, Australia became a British possession about a hundred years ago, and New South Wales was until 1840 used by England as a place of exile for convicts. Since that time, there has been a large immigration, chiefly from the mother-country, of hardy and adventurous pioneers whose energy has made the country what it is to-day. While the colonists naturally have an attachment for English institutions and products, scores of American enterprises have secured strong footholds and on every hand one finds evidences of Yankee ingenuity, push, and enterprise.

The natural resources of Australia vie with any other country, and it ranks

first in the production of gold and wool. The mines of Australia not only produce the finest quality of gold, but they are the richest yet discovered. A single nugget from Ballarat, Victoria, was sold for more than forty thousand dollars, and the total exports of this metal since 1850, amount to over two billion dollars. The wool exports may be judged from the fact that Australia has almost, if not quite, a hundred million sheep—a single "station," as the ranches are called, having as many as two hundred thousand head. New South Wales also claims rich coal beds which according to careful estimates would supply the entire world for many years. Among other unique industries begun some time ago is the raising of camels for the work for which oxen and horses are ordinarily employed, and also for use in place of saddle horses.

Severe drouths have in times past proved obstacles to agriculture and sheep raising, but recently underground rivers have been tapped with great success. A still more serious drawback to the raising of crops, and a source of incalculable loss every season, are the inroads of the kangaroos and rabbits upon the pasture lands. So alarming did the prospect become, that a few years ago the government of New South Wales offered, through its foreign representatives, a reward of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for a means of exterminating the rabbits, and although millions have been killed, the trouble continues so serious in certain sections that many farms have been abandoned.

As the kangaroo does not burrow, and does not multiply as rapidly as the dreaded "bunny," it can be more easily gotten rid of.

By reason of the bounties offered by the government, and the successful use of kangaroo leather, their number has been greatly lessened. One of the exciting sports is the hunting of kangaroos on horseback. Swift dogs—a cross between greyhounds and staghounds—are required, as the kangaroos are so fleet as to



WAR CLUB.

able for its large size—standing several feet in height—and for its long hairlike plumage, and the lyre-bird, so-called from the magnificent lyre-shaped tail which adorns the male, is the most beautiful. The bird itself is the size of a pheasant, while its tail measures three feet. Among the other natives of the Australian bush are brilliantly colored parrots, birds of paradise, the black swan, love-birds, and the native companion. A sight the hunter will never forget are the large flocks of cockatoos, with white, black, or rosy crests, as they suddenly rise before him and light upon a tree, covering it with a downy snowdrift. But the most peculiar freak in feathers is the "laughing jackass," whose loud, prolonged, insane note, as he frightens strangers or salutes the moon, greets the ear like a sad mixture of the braying of a donkey, the filing of a saw, and the shrill notes of the steam calliope of a circus parade. When the hunter is trying to cautiously steal upon some game, it is one of the delights of this bird to watch him, unseen, and just as he is about to take aim, utter one of its paralyzing cries, startling the sportsman and frightening away the game.

In the vegetable world there are thousands of species of plants and trees peculiar to Australia. The trees are mostly of the evergreen order. Scores of varieties of the eucalyptus or gum trees exist here, some of which reach five hundred feet in height, overtopping the famed redwoods of California. Another tree peculiar to this country is the bottle-tree, of which a representation appears in connection with this article.

and is rendered peculiarly picturesque by the blue veil of mist which constantly hovers over its summits. Our illustration is from a point looking towards Sydney, the electric beams of whose powerful harbor light, fifty-five miles distant, are clearly visible. Here occurs one of the marvels of modern railroad engineering, the famous "Zig-zag," by means of which the trains climb the dizzy heights of Katoomba.

A few years ago a party of Americans and colonists celebrated the Fourth of July by picnicking on these romantic heights. At noon they had climbed to the base of the last sharp peak, which towered above them, seemingly inaccessible. Among the party was a bright California girl and when one of the tired colonists turned to her with:

"Even you Americans must stop here," "Not when there is anything ahead," said she, and before the astonished company could detain her she had gained the dizzy summit and taking from her pocket a small American flag, proudly

LAUGHING JACKASS.



BOTTLE TREE.

waved it over her amazed friends far below. A Kodak picture of this daring girl is given above.

Even the most superficial account of Australia would be incomplete without a reference to the class of men known as "sundowners," who correspond to the North American tramp. These men roam about from one sheep station to another under the pretence of seeking employment, but in reality they live entirely by begging, for they rarely accept work when offered them. They live in homeless vagabondage, and are regarded as a great nuisance by the owners of stations who have named them "sundowners" from the fact that they usually camp in the bush during daytime, and only make their appearance at the station after dark. Aside from the drawbacks herein referred to, life on a sheep station is very pleasant, though somewhat lonely, as the stations are often as far as fifty miles apart.

Some of these comprise upward of one hundred thousand acres of land, and are subdivided by wire fences into paddocks ranging in size from an ordinary garden patch to twenty thousand acres. Owing to the scarcity of running water, the sheep in these paddocks are watered by means of huge excavations called tanks, in which water collects during the rainy season. Comparatively few men are required for the successful conduct of even the largest stations, their principal duties being to daily make the rounds on horseback. Among the force are usually some young bachelors from England, gentlemen's sons, who are learning the details of the business in the most practical way.

Shearing days, when scores of lightning operators endeavor to outstrip each other, form the busiest time of the year. These shearers travel from ranch to ranch in large bands. They are supplied with rations by the various employers, and usually cook for themselves. The wool is baled by machinery specially made for the purpose, and is then shipped to Melbourne or Sydney, whence it is sent abroad.

Hospitality is ever found at these stations, and visitors are always welcome to engage in a kangaroo hunt during the day, and pass the evenings very happily in conversation, enlightened by social games and music.

The colonists inherit the sports-loving proclivities of their forefathers, and all sports are extremely popular. Cricket, as in England, is the national game.

Sharing the fate of the North American Indian, the native aborigine has already been swept from large portions of Australia. Their color is a chocolate brown, and they live by hunting and fishing in a wild state. The spear is their chief weapon, measuring twelve or fifteen feet in length, beautifully ornamented with plaited work of native hemp and delicately balanced for throwing. These spears, and also their arrows, are barbed with splints of bones, pointed and poisoned. Most singular of all is the boomerang, made from the elbow of a hardwood tree, somewhat on the principle of the blade of a propeller.

It is cast by the hand, and whirles through the air, and can be so thrown as to return to the feet of the thrower; or in a longer flight, dancing along the ground. It is particularly hard to guard against, from the curvature of its motion. So skilled are the natives with this weapon that they have been known to kill birds on the wing at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. No white man has been able to successfully acquire the peculiar knack of casting the boomerang.

Any description of this giant island, compassed in our limited space, must be necessarily incomplete, but aside from this, in so vast and sparsely settled a territory, there is yet much unexplored, many hillsides and valleys untrodden by the foot of man, and the future alone can unfold the grand possibilities in store for our neighbors on the other side of the world.

Harold Kinsabby.

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BOOMERANG.

WAR CLUB.



EMU.